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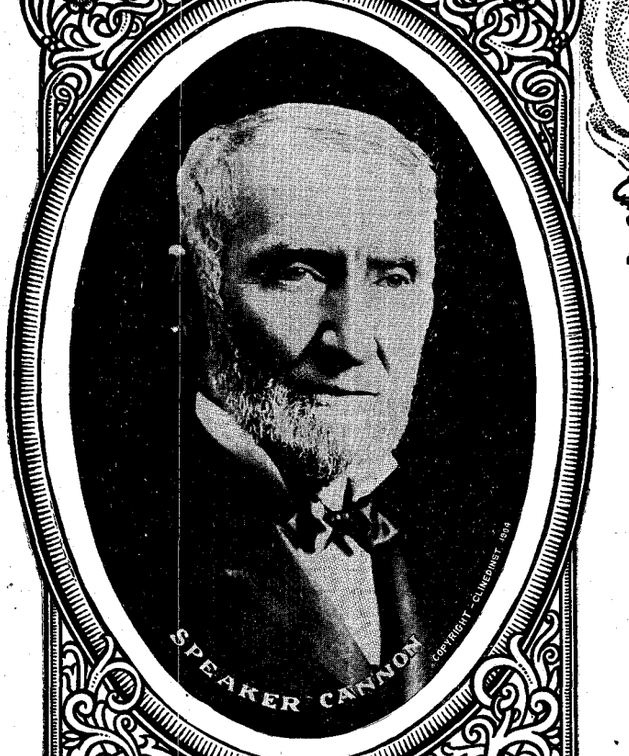

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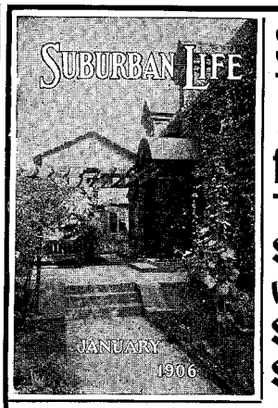

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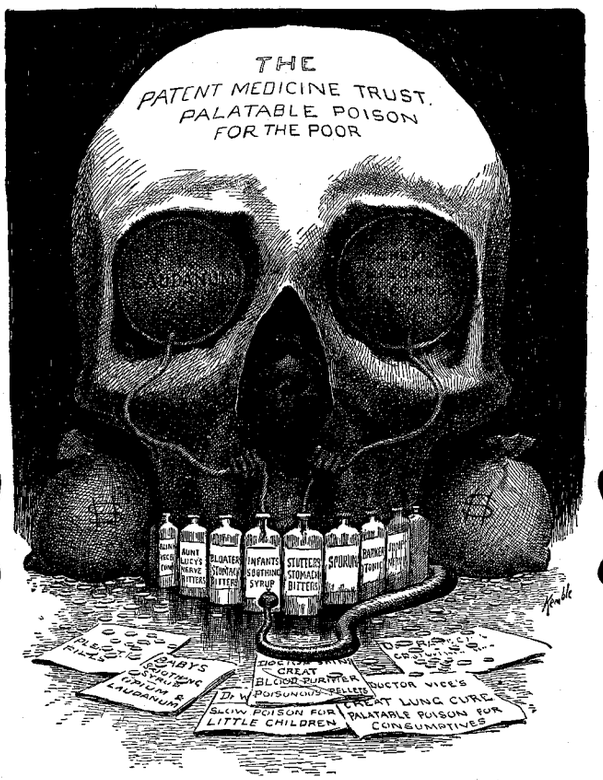

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June 3d

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CRIMINAL ALLIANCE OF THE NEWSPAPERS WITH FRAUD AND POISON

July 8th

"Newspapers have done so much to create the success of 'fakes' in medicine that their duty is clearly to help remove them. It sounds high-minded for Journalism to bark ferociously against the reign of graft in politics or in high finance, but it can practice a little *real* reform, if it chooses, by canceling some of the most profitable results of its own limberness of conscience."

THE GREAT AMERICAN FRAUD

October 7th

"Gullible America will spend this year some seventy-five millions of dollars in the purchase of patent medicines. It will swallow huge quantities of alcohol, an appalling amount of opiates and narcotics, a wide assortment of varied drugs, ranging from powerful and dangerous heart depressants to insidious liver stimulants; and, far in excess of all other ingredients, undiluted fraud."

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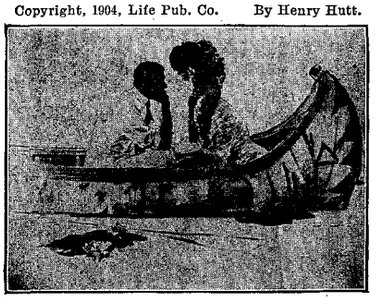

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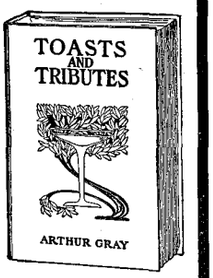

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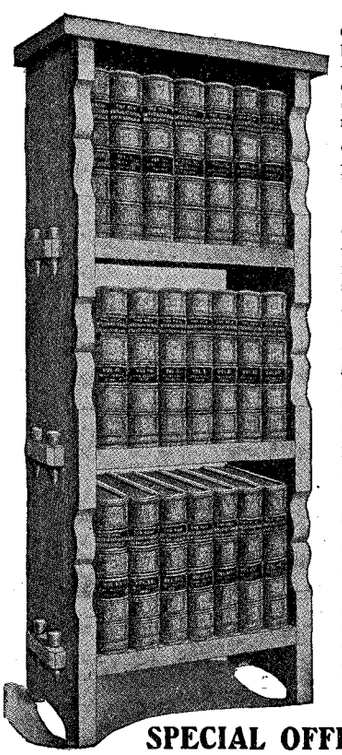

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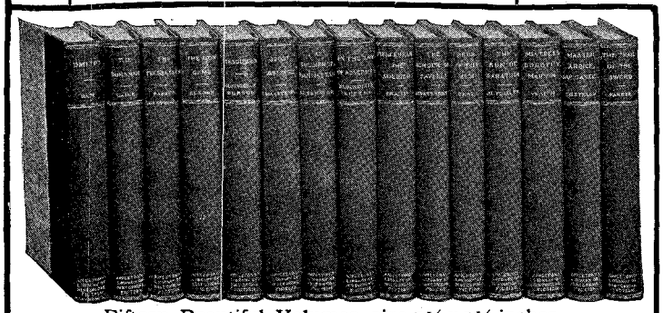

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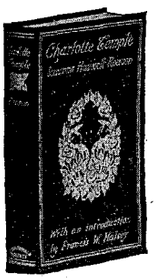

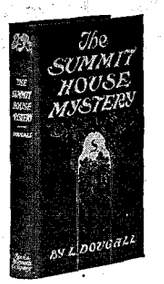
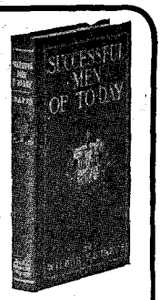

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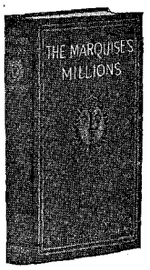

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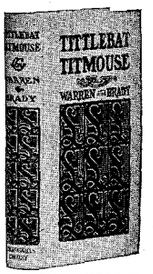
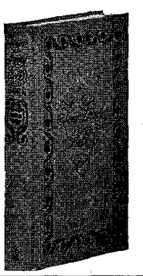
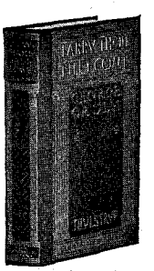
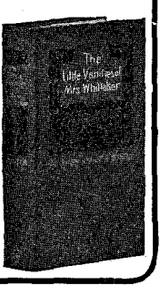

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VOL. XXXI., NO. 25 NEW YORK, DECEMBER 16, 1905 WHOLE NUMBER, 817

ON JANUARY 1, 1906,

WE are looking forward to a possible strike, and we may then have to ask our advertisers and readers to bear with us. The Typographical Union, which controls the typesetting in most of the offices in New York, has made certain demands which the employers' union—in this case "The Typothetæ"—is unwilling to accede to. This may affect our January numbers, and we speak of the matter thus far in advance so that our readers may know that everything is being done that can be done to prepare for the great misfortune of a strike, if it should come, and that they shall be put to no more inconvenience than is absolutely necessary.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

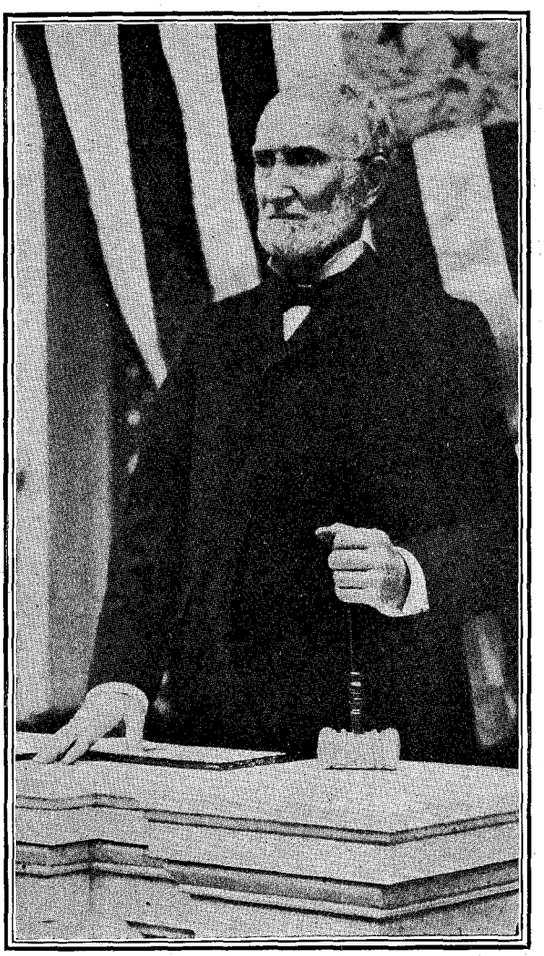
HOW THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE IS REGARDED.

THE annual message submitted on December 5 to Congress by President Roosevelt is, according to those who took the pains to count the words, the longest ever written by a President of the United States. Its huge bulk was due, as the Charleston *News and Courier* (Dem.) explains, "to essay writing of an altruistic sort." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.) thinks it is contrary to good taste for the President to insert so much extraneous matter, and observes: "His sermons are largely elementary and platitudinous, and if Congress chose to take them very seriously, would necessarily be construed by members of that body as a reflection on their intelligence, if not an imputation upon their years of maturity"; and with equal severity the stanchly Republican New York *Press* comments upon the style and size of the message, and declares that "it is a pity that the President is so addicted to immoderate volume of speech that he can not restrain himself when such continence is not only a virtue but a necessity."

But barring these strictures on Mr. Roosevelt's habit of delivering homilies in a communication to Congress, all seem to agree that the message is one of the best written and most important documents of its kind.

As for the general tone and spirit of the message, many papers read between its lines a wish to centralize more power at Washington. "Mr. Roosevelt," exclaims the New York *World* (Dem.), "has submitted to Congress the most amazing program of centralization that any President of the United States has ever recommended." The New York *Journal of Commerce* (Fin.) also finds that "the burden of President Roosevelt's message to Congress is that whatever is wrong in this country in matters of 'national scope' should be rectified by the Government, and matters liable to such wrong should be put under national regulation." The Boston *Herald* (Ind.) likewise dwells upon this alleged tendency of the President, and, after asserting that he is trying to subvert the whole system of our Government, says that "it is precisely this centralization of power . . . that is at the bottom of the trouble in Russia." The New York *Tribune* (Rep.), however, while noting in the message the same tone which these papers complain of, observes that times have changed, and laws must be changed accordingly. Says *The Tribune*:

"The President wisely lays stress on the fact that at the present day much work which was formerly done by State authorities can no longer efficiently be performed by them. The consolidation and extension of business operations have made restraints on corporations which extend only to a State line quite ineffective for the protection not only of the country in general, but of the citizens of the State supposed to be in control. Consequently, he proposes a policy of liberal use of federal powers to regulate what has long been a legal no man's land of refuge for corporate abuses with which no authority has seemed competent to deal."



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SPEAKER CANNON,

Who has more influence over legislation than any other man in Washington except the President.

The salient features of the message may be summarized as follows:

After reiterating in familiar phrases some of his well-known sentiments about the "Square Deal," which reappear time and again in the body of the message, the President starts out with the general proposition that the wealth amassed by corporations dealing in interstate business is now so large and vests such power in those who wield it, that these concerns must be placed under regulation and supervision of the federal Government "in order to insure a healthy social and industrial life." As the case now stands they "occupy the position of subjects without a sovereign" because State control is not broad enough, and the laws passed by Congress are inadequate. The trouble, he says, with these national laws is that they are "negative and prohibitive" and are enforceable, if at all, only "by incessant appeal to the courts." Hence he advises the passage of laws of an "affirmative" nature; and if this can not be done by an enactment of Congress, he favors the adoption of a "proper amendment of the Constitution."

Keeping these general propositions in view, the President then

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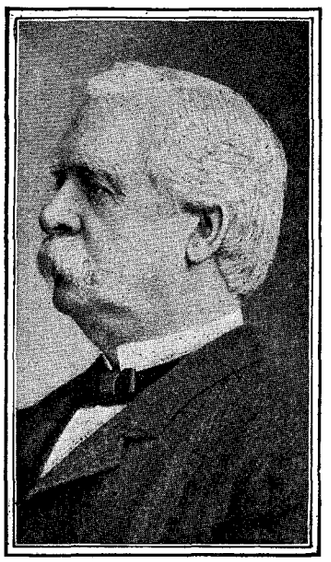
explains his idea as to the kind of bill Congress should pass as regards railroad and transportation companies that have an interstate business. The first thing to do, he says, is to devise "some scheme to secure to the Government such supervision and regulation of rates" as shall "prevent unjust and unreasonable rates"; and the scheme must "include putting a complete stop to rebates in every shape and form." As for the details, he says: "In my judgment the most important provision which such law should contain is that conferring upon some competent administrative body the power to decide, upon the case being brought before it, whether a given rate prescribed by a railroad is reasonable and just, and if it is found to be unreasonable and unjust, then, after full investigation of the complaint, to prescribe the limit of rate beyond which it shall not be lawful to go—the maximum reasonable rate, as it is commonly called—this decision to go into effect within a reasonable time and to obtain from thence onward, subject to review by the courts."



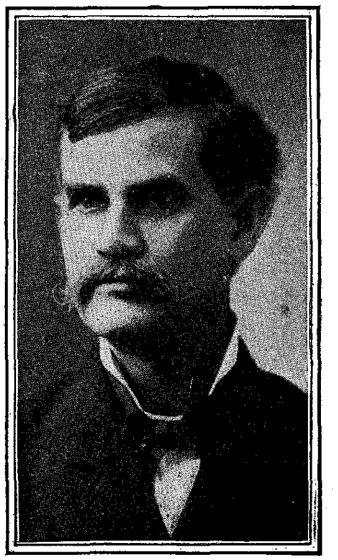
SERENO E. PAYNE (N. Y.),
Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and Republican leader in the House of Representatives.

This the President explains, "is not to give the [Interstate Commerce] Commission power to initiate or originate rates generally, but to regulate a rate already fixed or originated by the roads, upon complaint and after investigation." The President ends his recommendations regarding railroads with suggesting another law requiring the use of safety appliances on trains, and limiting the hours of labor of railroad employees.

Turning to the relations of labor and capital, he opposes "the demand for depriving courts of the power to issue injunctions in labor disputes," but expresses his belief that the judges should "give due notice to the adverse parties before issuing the writ."

In reference to the insurance scandals, he recommends direct federal supervision, through the Bureau of Corporations, of interstate life insurance transactions.

He gives a brief paragraph to the Government receipts and expenditures, wherein he "stands pat" on the tariff question, by saying that "the shock and strain to the business world certain to attend any serious change in these methods [the tariff schedules] render such change inadvisable unless for grave reasons." He favors more "elasticity in our monetary system."

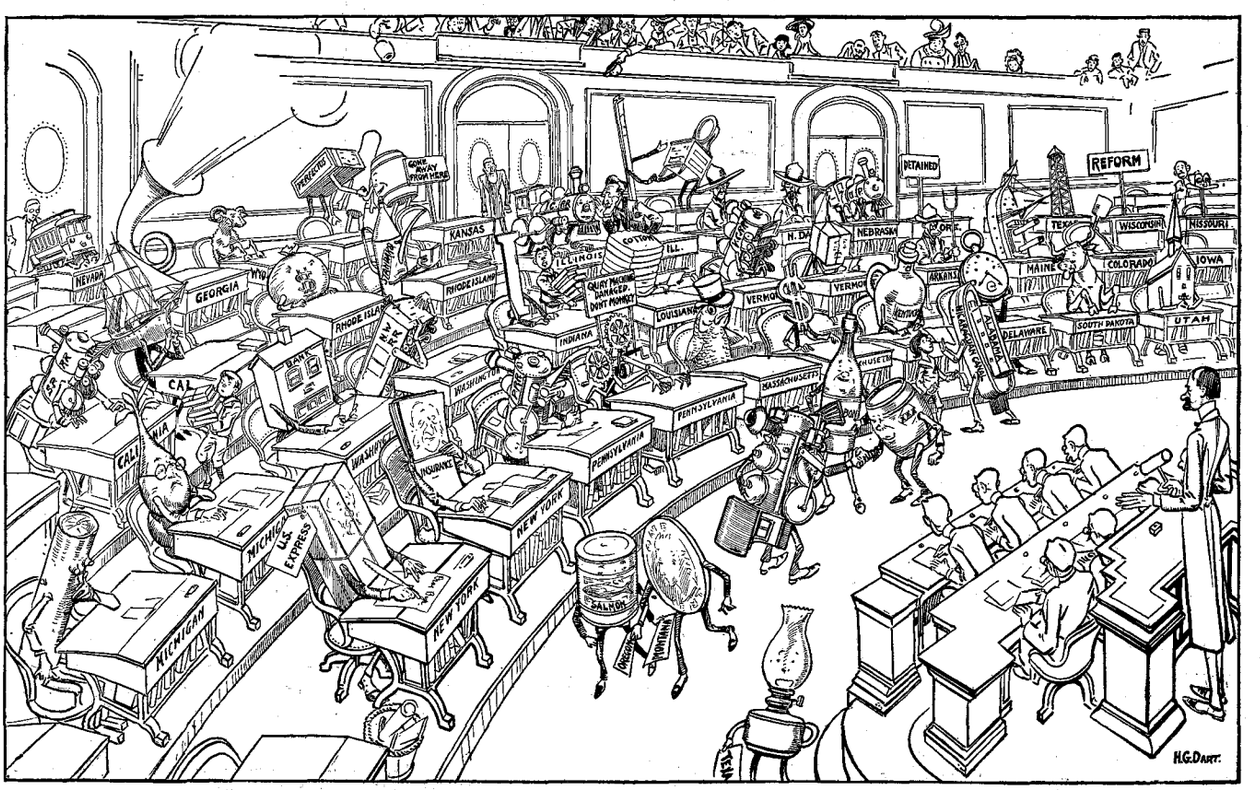


JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS (MISS.),
Democratic leader in the House of Representatives.

A recommendation is made for "the enactment of a law directed against bribery and corruption in federal elections," and which would forbid "all contributions by corporations for political purposes."

Speaking of The Hague conference, he says this Government "will do everything in its power" for "the cause of international peace, justice, and good-will," but he does not favor disarmament. "There is more need," he remarks, "to get rid of the causes of war than of the implements of war."

As for the Monroe Doctrine, "we have adapted our application of it to meet the growing and changing needs of the hemisphere," but it will not be used "as an excuse for aggrandizement" or "a cloak for territorial aggression." We may be driven to compel the debtor Republics to the southward to pay their European creditors, for "it is far better that this country should put through such an arrangement, rather than allow any foreign country to undertake it." It does not seem necessary that the navy should "be



OPENING SESSION OF THE UPPER HOUSE OF THE FIFTY-NINTH CONGRESS, AS IT APPEARS TO THE NEW YORK *World's* ALLEGORICAL ARTIST.

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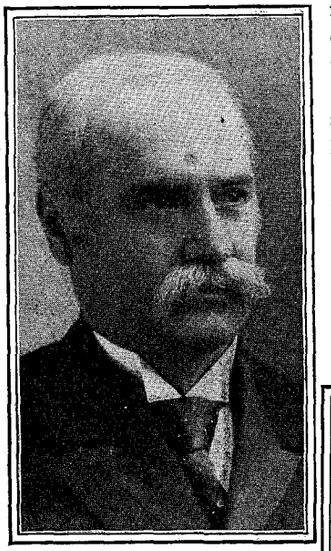
ARTHUR PUE GORMAN (MD.),
Democratic leader in the Senate.

MEN OF



NELSON W. ALDRICH (R. I),
Popularly reputed to be "The Manager of the Senate." Said to be affiliated with Standard Oil interests.

POWER

PHILANDER C. KNOX (PA.),
Leading advocate of the President's rate policy in the Senate.

IN THE

JOHN C. SPOONER (WIS.),
The Administration's chief reliance in the Senate in the coming debate on the Panama Canal.

UPPER HOUSE.

increased beyond the present number of units," but we should add "a single battleship to our navy each year" to replace "superseded or outworn vessels."

As to our insular possessions and connections, he urges the ratification of his policy in the San Domingo affair; he favors strong fortifications in Hawaii; the removal of the Dingley tariff on Philippine products, and the suspension of the operation of the coastwise laws upon trade between the archipelago and this country, as requested by Secretary Taft. He recommends that American citizenship be conferred upon all citizens of Porto Rico; and he advises that both in the Philippines and in Porto Rico the regulations as to the granting of lands and franchises be modified so as to give "sufficiently liberal terms to induce the investment of American capital."

As for the Territories, the President recommends that "Indian Territory and Oklahoma be admitted as one State, and that New Mexico and Arizona be admitted as one State"; and he earnestly asks that "Alaska be given an elective delegate."

In regard to the Panama canal, he urges an appropriation without delay to meet "current and accruing expenses."

The Chinese question and immigration laws are given careful consideration. He holds that "it is to the interest of this country to keep them [Chinese laborers] out." And he thinks it is time to amend the general immigration laws so as to "limit the number of immigrants allowed to come in any one year to New York and other Northern cities, while leaving unlimited the number allowed to come to the South."

Other recommendations of a general or important nature are the following:

More effective criminal laws, and a law to punish a corrupt United States officer when the consideration for his crime is something besides money.

Changes in the land laws and the inclusion of Texas in the irrigation act.

More federal aid to the Mississippi levee system.

Aid for the Jamestown tercentennial.

Federal care of the graves of Confederate soldiers who died in Northern prisons.

Federal law to regulate traffic in food, drink, and drugs.

Preservation of a herd of American buffalo.

Pensions for the men in the life-saving service.

Punishment of "bootleggers," who sell liquor to Indians, and more money for Indian schools.

More generous provision for our diplomatic and consular service.

Railroad Rate Regulation.—"Here are forty different subjects," exclaims the Hartford *Times* (Dem.), which would "overwhelm Congress with work" if any serious attempt should be made "to give them proper attention." The most important of these subjects is that which relates to proposed railroad legislation and the Buffalo *News* (Rep.) declares that "the President's message marks the opening of a conflict over rate regulation that is to be concluded only when the question involved is settled on a basis that is regarded as final." And the Richmond *News Leader* (Dem.) remarks that he is "the first President we have had since railroads became commercial and political powers strong enough to make a recommendation [touching them] with assurance of success." His treatment of this question, in the opinion of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.), "is guarded against any appearance of hostility to corporations, but is emphatic in the demand that the evils shall be restrained and eradicated." The New York *Globe* (Rep.), however, seems to think that the President has receded from the position he has hitherto held. "From advocacy of commission-made rates which shall go into effect immediately," to the exposition of the plan laid down in the message, makes, says *The Globe*, a "vital difference between the President's new policy and his old." The Indianapolis *Star* (Rep.) also thinks that if he has not backed down from his former position he at least "glides over evasively . . . the exact bone of the contention." But most of the other papers believe with the Chicago *Chronicle* (Rep.) that the President "is even more insistent" than he was a year ago, and that, as the New York *Press* (Rep.) declares, "President Roosevelt has passed from the period of mere plea and argument to assertion of affirmative recommendations." And so most of his critics are expressing real alarm over the situation. "Many thinking men recoil," says the Chicago *Inter Ocean* (Rep.), "from the plan proposed, and point out that the short way to stop rebating is to punish rebaters." And the Richmond *Times-Dispatch* (Dem.) remarks that he is seeking to vest in some government agent "a dangerous power to confer upon any administrative body."

The friends of the President are highly gratified over what they consider the courage and sagacity displayed by him on this important subject. "So far from taking any backward step," says the Brooklyn *Times* (Rep.), "the President appears to have gone further than his original program indicated." But, observes the Milwaukee *Sentinel* (Rep.), where something radical or drastic may have been looked for, a commendable disposition is shown to "refrain from an appearance of dictating details of legislation." And

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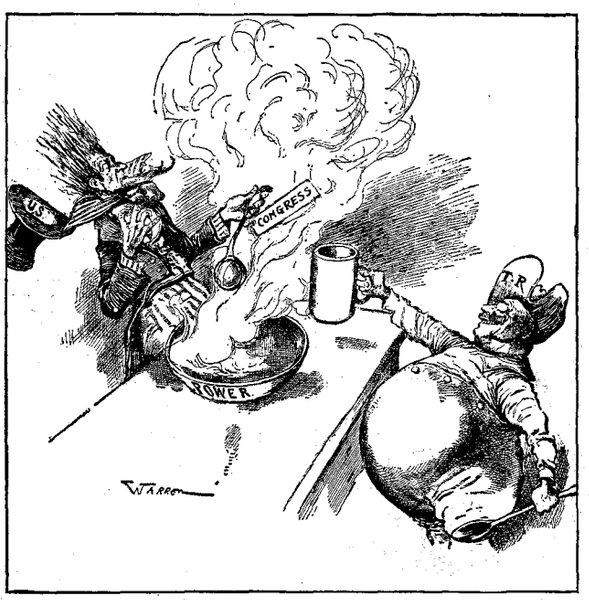
the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot* (Dem.), after considering the various points in the case, says that withal "his treatment of this subject is eminently conservative." The St. Louis *Republic* (Dem.) thinks that "the only criticism which will likely come from the public will be that his recommendations are not sufficiently drastic." However, the Philadelphia *Telegraph* (Rep). believes that "by the plain common sense of the plain common people the message will be heard as a call to Congress for such legislation as will enable the Federal Government to control railroads in the interest of the public," and this sentiment is endorsed by no less a conservative authority than *The Wall Street Journal* of New York, which declares:

"Behind the President in this matter stand the great bulk of the American people. The power of public opinion will force Congress, sooner or later, to enact the law desired by the President. The operation of this law should go far toward removing the evil of railway discriminations. It ought not in any degree to weaken



OLIVER TWIST ROOSEVELT—"I want some more!"
—Warren in the Boston *Herald*.

the efficiency of railroad administration or to disturb economic conditions. The enforcement of the law would in all probability be moderate and fair to the railroads. Indeed, there is more probability of the commission being subject to criticism of undue leniency toward the railroads than of undue harshness. There is nothing in the President's recommendation that constitutes a menace to railroad securities."

The Tariff.—The references in the message to the tariff are exceedingly disappointing to the reformers and reciprocity leaders, who were all expecting some encouragement. The Indianapolis *Star* (Rep.) declares that his perfunctory words on this important subject have offended "many persons who earnestly and honestly believe that the Dingley schedules are a clog upon industry and a menace to public morals"; and the Columbia *State* (Dem.) says, "if we may say it of this 'bold,' 'frank,' and 'direct' man," his only utterances on the revenues are "brief, indefinite, and wabbling." The Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Dem.) remarks that "he has little to say regarding the tariff, and that little is more ambiguous than is his wont." But, says the Florida *Times-Union* (Dem.), "the eloquent silence as to the tariff has also come to be expected. There was a time when the President was expected to advocate needed reforms in this line, but that time has passed." In fact, the language used by the President, "smacks" as the Charlotte *Observer* (Dem). declares, "of the stand-patter phraseology." So papers like the Brooklyn *Standard Union* (Rep.) and the Nashville *American* (Dem.) bluntly charge him with being a "stand-patter," while the Newark *News* (Ind.) says: "That so positive a temperament can dismiss it [the tariff] with a score or so of words . . . betrays an unwonted disposition to grasp a nettle in the clenched fist . . . and suggests a little of a tacit bargain with the opposition to rate legislation."

Friendly critics, however, assert that there is neither obscurity nor lack of courage in the words used by the President in discussing the tariff question. "When Mr. Roosevelt approaches the movement for tariff revision," says the New York *Evening Mail* (Rep.), "he adopts the language of the judge rather than the advocate." The Savannah *News* (Dem.) observes that altho "the tariff question is lightly touched upon, it is plain to see that the President thinks that reforms are needed," and the Buffalo *Express* (Rep.) points out that "he shows an inclination toward reciprocity, by urging closer relations with other people on this continent." The Philadelphia *North American* (Rep). also finds "a suggestion that Congress shall consider if circumstances in the future are not likely to make it to our interest to introduce a system of maximum and minimum duties which may be employed to obtain favors from Governments which have that system in operation." The Buffalo *News* (Rep.) thinks that even if President Roosevelt is intentionally obscure in expressing his sentiments on the tariff question, he has ample excuse for his course in view of the fact that he has about as much business on his hands as he can well take care of. Says *The News*:

"The expected, therefore, has happened; Mr. Roosevelt is going to make no fight on the tariff. This will doubtless excite a good deal of sarcastic criticism in some quarters; but we have never been able to see upon what principle a President was to be expected to fight two fights at once, when one is quite big enough to engage all the energies of the strongest and most resolute of men."

The Monroe Doctrine.—Some of the opposition papers think the President is carrying the Monroe Doctrine too far. It seems to the Indianapolis *News* (Ind.) that "there are many chances for trouble involved in the adoption of the Presidential policy," and "for our part," it declares, "we should rather see the Monroe Doctrine limited than extended." The Philadelphia *Ledger* (Ind.), too, regards as unreasonable the notification to the South American Republics that they must be orderly. "They ought to be orderly, but they certainly will fight at some time or another," and the Venezuelans, for instance, should not be made to "submit tamely to the outrageous tyranny of Castro." In short, it adds:

"If we adopt the Roosevelt policy in its bald entirety, there is a prospect of interminable embroilment for our troops in keeping the republics good and decent and orderly, and in the use of myriads of customs, administrative and executive officials, whose business it will be to govern efficiently disorderly and inefficient Republics, when a great many people think that our own problems are quite sufficient for our wisdom and strength."

The Boston *Transcript* (Rep.), however, is encouraged to see "a decided recession from the language and methods in and by which the President, last winter, enunciated his interpretation of up-to-date Monroeism," and it adds:

"There is no blast of challenge and defiance. In its place we have the assertion of a policy to use our best offices to bring about mutually satisfactory settlements of debt controversies and the preservation intact of the principle underlying original Monroeism. As this tender of good offices has always been among the possible eventualities of the Monroe Doctrine in any stage of its development, even in its enunciation in fact, President Roosevelt's policy will not startle."

Insurance Scandals and Political Corruption.—The proposals for federal supervision of insurance companies and for the purification of politics by new laws against bribery and against contributions by corporations for political purposes, are naturally discussed under one head by the press, on account of the connection discovered between the two during the investigation of the big life

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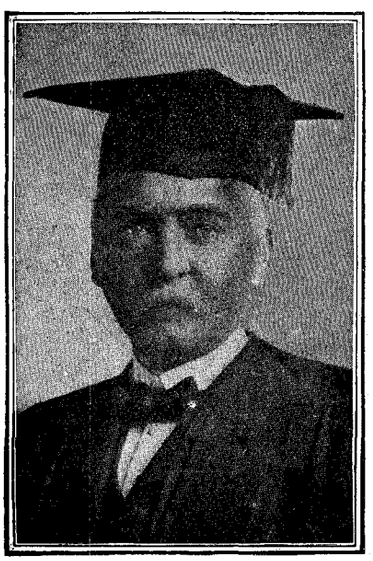
insurance companies in New York. "There can be no doubt," says the Philadelphia *Record* (Dem.), "that there is a strong popular desire for something of this kind" recommended by President Roosevelt. "We are heartily in accord," exclaims the New York *Press* (Rep.), "with Mr. Roosevelt's wish for a law to compel publicity of gifts" by corporations to national political committees. While the majority of papers think that the President has handled the subject of procuring campaign funds from insurance companies "vigorously and directly," as the Richmond *News Leader* (Dem.) says he has done, yet there are quite a number of papers which tax him with a lack of energy and courage in the matter. The New York *American* (Dem.) in speaking of the message says:

"But it touches with great delicacy upon matters which involve the present life of the people, not merely of New York, but of the nation. It refers vaguely to the swindling of the people by the insurance companies and very suspiciously suggests a supervision of these companies by the Federal Government. Everybody who knows anything about this knows that that is exactly what these companies want."

MR. JEROME'S ATTACK ON THE NEW YORK JUDGES.

TWO incidents of a similar nature that happened recently in different parts of the country, but almost at the same time, have awakened interest again in the frequently recurring question as to how far newspapers and the public should be allowed to go in criticizing courts and judges. On November 30, Mr. Thomas M. Patterson, editor and proprietor of *The News* and *The Times* of Denver, at present a United States Senator, and for over a generation a lawyer and citizen of influence and renown in Colorado, was sentenced to pay a fine of $1,000 and to stand committed to the common jail until it was paid, for reciting through the columns of his papers the details of political crimes in that State, in which the names of a number of Supreme Court judges were implicated. A few days thereafter District Attorney William Travers Jerome, at a banquet given in his honor in New York city, made an assault upon the Supreme Court judges who serve in New York county, of so candid and violent a character that the Springfield *Republican* asserts that "he surpassed his record" for daring and frankness. The judges, however, have begun no contempt proceedings, but have contented themselves with denying or explaining his charges, so the entire matter has been thrown open for free newspaper discussion.



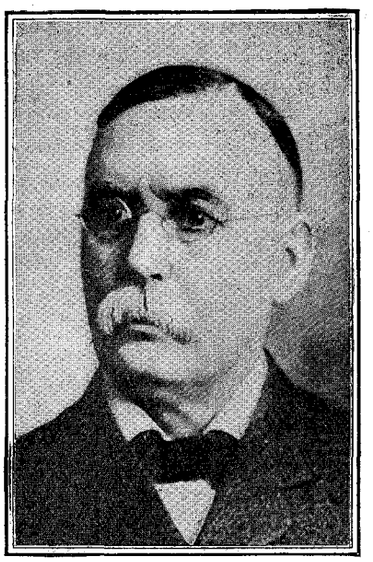
MORGAN J. O'BRIEN,

The prominent New York judge, a trustee of the Equitable Life Assurance Society and director of many big corporations, who denies Mr. Jerome's charge that business relations interfere with the judicial duties of his fellow members of the New York bench.

Mr. Jerome attacked the judges for buying their places, for being subservient to political bosses, and for carrying on private businesses that seriously interfere with their official duties. As a remedy for this unfortunate state of affairs in New York, he suggested that judges should be not elected for a term of years, but appointed for life, and that in any event lawyers should make it their especial care to see that no one except an honest and efficient judge is placed on the bench. Among the more notable sentences of his speech were the following:

"But, most important of all, is to do away with an elective judiciary. I am a lawyer and was trained to come to my profession with a degree of reverence for the judiciary. But I want to say that, with few exceptions, I not only have no reverence for the Supreme Court judges of this department, but have not even common ordinary respect for them.

"The cowardice of the bar, my own profession, is responsible in large measure for the character of the judges who sit in this department. The young man who dares raise his voice against the system is called a crank. It will be a long time before the burning sense of shame gets out of my heart when I found judges going bareheaded to a coarse, vulgar man like Murphy and begging to be nominated for places on the bench.



THOMAS M. PATTERSON,

United States Senator and prominent journalist of Colorado, who was punished for contempt for abusing the courts in his papers.

"No man need be a judge unless he wants to, and we ought especially to think of this condition now, because of a shadow of scandal which hovers over the Supreme Court bench of this city to-day. Judges should be set apart as priests are set apart.

"Look at your judges here to-day! Look at them! What do you think of them, when men have to go down to Good Ground and ask a man like Murphy to renominate a good man like Ingraham. In Massachusetts, where they have life judges and where they are appointed, you will hear a group of lawyers say they don't want to bring a certain case before certain judges, because of a certain legal slant in their opinion. In this city you will hear lawyers who object to bring cases before judges because they are close to this or that political leader, or to this or that commercial interest."

The papers are far from being in accord in discussing Mr. Jerome's speech and the remedies which he suggests for evils complained of. Some of the local papers which strongly supported him during the last campaign, have now joined with his enemies in expressing disapproval of what they call "his hasty speech and ill-advised suggestion." Thus *The Times* observes "that the general opinion will be that such talk is restless. . . . To denounce the whole bench is mere 'slangwhanging.'" *The World* asserts that "he is wrong, hasty, and intemperate in speaking as he has done." *The Tribune* declares that unless Mr. Jerome can substantiate his charges, his speech "is disgraceful." *The Sun* rebukes him by saying that "we believe that as a whole the Supreme Court justices are worthy of . . . high regard." And *The American* avers that "observers of public events will be inclined to regard his attack as one of the evidences of that extravagance and eccentricity which mark his public utterances, and which have made even his well-wishers question the solidity of his judgment." The New York *Evening Post*, however, declares that "the facts which were alluded to by Mr. Jerome are known to all," and some of these facts, as recited by the New York *Press*, are substantially as follows:

The voters put Hooker on the bench, tho it was high finance and low politics that kept him there when he was found to be unclean. They put Wright in the Supreme Court. The people had seen Richard Croker reward his political valets and vulgar heelers

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with Supreme Court places, and had seen him conciliate enemies by purchase with the price of an ermine gown.

They had seen a Supreme Court justice get publicly and notoriously drunk seven days in the week, and when in that bestial state insist on "administering justice" until literally dragged off the bench. They had seen a former judge before the Grand Jury in one of the most loathsome cases which have disgraced the practise of law.

But the things they did not know! The things spoken only in whispers! Some notion of them:

The brag of the New York Life Insurance Company that it had a man on the Supreme Court bench. Recent Armstrong testimony shows the boast not to have been idle.

The silent partnership of a judge, now dead, with Mr. Richard Croker in a fake "legal" publication, whose profits were swollen to at least $100,000 a year by bunco advertising ordered into the publication by Mr. Croker's Supreme Court puppets.

A Supreme Court justice who, with very little care for appearances, indulges in the practise of law and the direction of still another business.

A Supreme Court justice running a big hotel business and dealing extensively in real estate while earning $17,500 a year for serving the people with his whole time and ability.

Supreme Court justices in daily communication with the bosses who put them on the bench, and taking orders from them as to the disposition of cases before them as meekly and executing them as faithfully as the most abjectly servile district leader whose tenure depended wholly on the boss's pleasure.

DIPLOMATIC TROUBLES WITH CUBA.

ALTHO the press are agreed that the resignation of Herbert G. Squiers as American Minister to Cuba, received and promptly accepted on November 29, was made upon request and virtually amounts to a removal, yet there are not many papers which look upon it as reflecting in any way upon his integrity or capacity. The Augusta *Chronicle* (Dem.) stands practically alone in claiming that his want of popularity and sudden departure from Havana were due to his being identified too closely "with persons who were striving for their own individual aggrandizement." The great majority of the press appear inclined to the belief that Mr. Squiers is a victim of diplomatic complications for which his Government is largely responsible, and they freely predict that his successor will have no better luck than he had, in escaping the difficulties of the situation.

HERBERT G. SQUIERS,

Whose strong American sentiment is said to have led to his resignation as minister to Cuba.

The causes which compelled Mr. Squiers to resign are not definitely known; for all information on this point comes through the channels of diplomacy, whose language is proverbially cryptic. But perhaps the best way to get at the truth is through the despatches from Washington, many of which bear the earmarks of official inspiration. From these sources it is learned that the late minister displayed unwonted zeal in urging the passage of a certain rice bill through the Cuban Congress, that he openly opposed the ratification of the Anglo-Cuban treaty by the Cuban Senate, and delayed reporting the progress of this matter to his home Government; that he gave friendly counsel to the Americans who are seeking to have the Isle of Pines annexed to the United States; and that generally he showed his sympathy for the American sentiment in Cuba at every opportunity.

This appears to be the sum and substance of the charges against Mr. Squiers. While no one admits that these alleged acts are diplomatic in the full sense of the word, yet most of the papers seem to think that they are what might be expected of a patriotic American in view of the course which the United States has up to the present time pursued in regard to Cuba. Thus the Indianapolis *News* (Ind.) remarks:

EDWIN V. MORGAN,

The young diplomat who has just been appointed minister to Cuba.

"It should not be forgotten that the American Minister to Cuba occupies a rather difficult and delicate position. As one of the correspondents points out, he is in a sense a member of the Cuban Government. This same correspondent, speaking of the work of Mr. Squiers, says that 'under the Platt amendment he has been called upon repeatedly to take messages amounting almost to commands.' The Platt amendment indeed limits to a very considerable degree the independence of the island. It provides that the Cuban Government shall enter into no treaty or compact with any power that will impair or tend to impair the independence of Cuba, and shall not permit any other power to obtain by colonization, or for military or naval purposes, lodgment in or control over any portion of the island. In other words, this Government and its Minister at Havana have very direct and important relations to the treaty-making power of Cuba. Again, the Platt amendment provides that Cuba shall not assume or contract any public debt on which it can not pay the interest, and against which it can not create a sinking fund, out of the ordinary revenues of the island, after defraying the current expenses of the Government. By

I CAN NOT RECOGNIZE YOU, YOU HAVE NO ISTHMIAN CANAL LIKE PANAMA HAD, SEE,
DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE FROM CUBA
ISLE OF PINES

"CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES."

—Maybell in the Brooklyn *Eagle*.

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agreeing to this amendment the Cuban Government further consented that 'the United States may exercise the right to intervene for the preservation of Cuban independence, the maintenance of a Government adequate for the protection of life, property, and individual liberty, and for discharging the obligations with respect to Cuba imposed by the Treaty of Paris on the United States.' All this makes it clear that an American Minister to Cuba can hardly avoid, on occasion, from interfering very strongly in the domestic affairs of the island, which is, in many respects, a protectorate of this Government."

As a strong indication that, while Mr. Squiers may be obnoxious to the Cuban Government, he is not looked upon as having committed an unpardonable diplomatic sin, it is announced that he will be retained in the service and assigned to a more desirable post—an event which the Chicago *Inter Ocean* (Rep.) would interpret as a complete vindication of his course in Cuba.

The successor to Mr. Squiers is Edwin V. Morgan. His career, as briefly stated in the New York *Tribune*, is as follows:

"Edwin V. Morgan, the new Minister to Cuba, was appointed secretary to the United States Commissioner to the Samoan Islands in 1899 and took part in the formulation of the important agreement under which the dissolution of the tripartite government of Samoa and the division of the islands on the present basis were effected. He was appointed secretary of legation at Seoul, Korea, and also vice- and deputy- consul-general there in 1900. In the following year he went to St. Petersburg as second secretary to the American Embassy there, and when the secretary, Mr. Peirce, came to Washington as Third Assistant Secretary of State, Mr. Morgan accompanied him as his confidential clerk. He was appointed consul at Dalny in January, 1904, but was prevented by the war from proceeding to his post, and on March 18, 1905, was made Minister to Korea, a position which he vacates owing to the assumption by Japan of complete charge of the external relations of Korea."

WHY SECRETARY ROOT WILL GO TO BRAZIL.

ACCORDING to newspaper accounts Secretary Root will attend the Pan-American Congress at Rio Janeiro next summer in his official capacity and as the direct representative of President Roosevelt. The expressed purpose of the proposed visit is to define the President's interpretation of the Monroe Doctrine and the policy of this Government toward the republics of the south; and the press seem to think that the mission may have important results. Says the Chicago *Record-Herald* (Ind. Rep.):

"It is believed to be Secretary Root's purpose to improve the opportunity to be afforded by the third meeting of the Pan-American Congress and give our neighbors signal proof of American good will and fair play. He wants to convince them gradually that they have nothing to fear from the Monroe Doctrine, and that aggression and officious paternalism are equally foreign to our policy. The Doctrine has its corollaries and implications, to be sure, but it does not involve the assertion of moral sovereignty over Latin America."

It is generally admitted that the Secretary has a difficult task before him. The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* (Ind). says that the wide extension given by President Roosevelt to the Monroe Doctrine has "alarmed the South Americans, and has even suggested to them the need of forming an alliance or 'bund' against the American republic." The Washington *Post* (Ind.) declares that they are "justified in this apprehension, partly by the President's declarations and partly by the precedent established in Santo Domingo," while the Washington correspondent of the Boston *Globe* (Ind.) declares that "most of the South American countries . . . have both a fear and a contempt for this country." He continues:

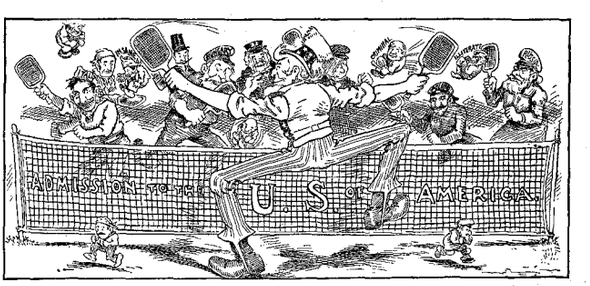
"They always fear that the United States cherishes designs against them, and yet are conceited enough to believe that should it come to a trial of strength they could successfully resist this country. Mr. Root must remove these impressions before he can do anything else. He must convince the Governments with which he deals that the President has their welfare at heart and that he is animated by unselfish motives. If that complete understanding can once be reached it will follow as a matter of course that much of the friction will be removed, that the danger of trouble with European Powers will be eliminated, and the commercial relations between South America and the United States will be strengthened and become much more profitable."

Everybody, however, seems to believe that no more fitting man than Secretary Root could be found to go on this delicate mission. His previous experience in handling South American affairs gives a guaranty of success in his proposed new venture. In the recent Franco-Castro imbroglio he "smoothed out the wrinkled front of France," says the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* (Rep.) and removed all tension between the two countries. But while he was vigorously asserting the power and ascendency of the United States in the Western hemisphere, he showed, continues *The Globe-Democrat*, that "he is impressed with the necessity of using tact in making all displays of United States power." The Pan-American Congress will, it is also believed, afford him an excellent opportunity to explain the policy of the United States toward the southern republics in a way that will be satisfactory to all concerned.

OUR WINNING FIGHT AGAINST ILLITERACY.

SEVERAL dailies, recognizing our pride in the efficiency of our public-school system, and the boasts of this country's devotion to the cause of education, express some surprise over the fact that in regard to literacy we are still behind five European nations, four of them quite insignificant. These countries are Germany, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, and Switzerland. However, the Colorado Springs *Gazette* finds comfort in the fact that if it "were not for our negro and alien population, the percentage of illiteracy in this country would be just about one-half what it actually is."

The census authorities class as "illiterate" a person over nine years of age who can not write in English or any other language. A recent report of the Census Bureau states that in 1900 the



GETTING TO BE A PRETTY STRENUOUS GAME FOR UNCLE SAM.
—Bartholomew in the Minneapolis *Journal*.

United States, exclusive of Alaska and other outlying possessions, had 6,180,069 such persons, or about 1 in 10. This means 106.6 illiterates per 1,000 population over the specified age limit, which is a marked improvement over 1890, when the proportion of illiteracy was 133.4 per 1,000. The report, however, places us in a favorable position as compared with most European countries, excepting those mentioned above. As has been pointed out again and again, the negro is chiefly responsible for these high figures. If he be excluded, the proportion of illiterates in the native white population is found to be 46.4 per 1,000. For the negroes the proportion is 444.7 per 1,000, and for foreign whites the proportion is 128.5 per 1,000. In 1890 the figures for negro illiterates were 567.6 per 1,000; native whites, 62.3, and foreign-born whites, 130.6.

Many interesting facts are contained in the bulletin. For instance, there is more illiteracy among women than among men. Comparison with 1890 shows that among men the proportion of illiterates has been reduced from 123 to 101 per 1,000, and among

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women from 144 to 112 per 1,000. Illiteracy among children is shown to be more prevalent in the country than in the cities, being 88.7 in the country and 10.4 per 1,000 in the cities. This difference is shown to be far more striking in the South than in the North, the proportion being 10.8 for the country and 7.8 for the cities in the North Atlantic States, and 181.3 for the country and 44.9 for the cities in the South Atlantic section. But a somewhat surprising fact brought out in the report is that in the country as a whole there is a lower degree of illiteracy among children of foreign-born parents than among those of native parents, the proportion in the one case being 8.8 per 1,000 and in the other 44.1. This, the report says, is due to the concentration in the cities of the children of foreign extraction, where the educational facilities are best, but the New York *Globe* declares that the "characteristic ambition of immigrants to give their children the advantages of the education offered by the land of their adoption is undoubtedly a contributing factor."

"The South is still the dark spot on the educational map of the country," declares the Springfield *Republican*, in looking over these statistics, but, it adds, "it is making progress." Louisiana, leading in white illiteracy in 1890 with 237.9 illiterates to 1,000 natives, had, in 1900, 160.7. Some of the Southern States and the proportion of illiterates in every 1,000 native white children above 9 and under 15 years of age follow: Texas, 61; Kentucky, 74.7; Mississippi, 77.5; Arkansas, 110.8; Tennessee, 116.4; South Carolina, 148.4; Alabama, 154.4; Louisiana, 160.7, and North Carolina, 166.1. In the Northern States the figures for the same class of children are as follows: Washington, 1.8, which is the best record of any State; Utah, 2.2; Massachusetts, 2.3; Oregon, 2.4; Wyoming, 3.7; Idaho, 5.9; Rhode Island, 6.2. Illinois is twenty-fifth in the list with 6.9, and Maine is thirtieth with 13.6.

As respects illiteracy North and South the census bulletin says:

"Illiteracy is in general greater in the South than in the North for all classes of population. Perhaps the fairest basis of comparison between the two sections is that for native white children living in cities of more than 25,000 inhabitants. In the North Atlantic division the illiteracy for this class of children is 2.1 and in the North Central 1.9; in the South Atlantic division it is 8.3, and in the South Central 13.7. In considering the significance of such comparisons it should be remembered that the South has a larger number of children in proportion to population than the North and a smaller per capita wealth. The South is, moreover, handicapped by the necessity of maintaining separate schools for whites and negroes."

AMERICAN VIEWS OF BRITISH POLITICS.

POLITICAL parties in Great Britain appear in the eyes of the American press to be in a bad state of demoralization. "British politics," says the New York *Globe*, "is no longer a duel between two closely organized political parties, each led by a man of commanding personality." Party government is sorely in need of readjustment, but, exclaims the Washington *Star*, "there are no dominant issues and no strong men to bring about such a result." So, generally speaking, American newspapers do not expect that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the new Prime-Minister, will be more successful than was his predecessor. The failure of Mr. Balfour, as the New York *Tribune* points out, proceeded from two causes, lack of "opposition" and a "sufficient supply of substantial business"; and this is exactly the situation that many papers think Sir Henry and the Liberals will find themselves in, unless some fortunate circumstance can be made to come to pass. The only possibility of a national issue strong enough to divide the kingdom into two bitterly opposing camps seems to lie in the tariff question; and in speaking on this point the New York *Sun* explains:

"If the single issue submitted to the constituencies shall be whether to accept or reject Mr. Chamberlain's proposal of a protectionist tariff, adjusted so as to give a preference to the colonies, there seems to be no doubt concerning the result. If the Liberal candidates shall not only poll their normal party vote, but be supported also, as seems probable, by many Unionist free-traders and by the Irish voters, who are numerous in many English electoral districts, and provided also the opposition to Mr. Chamberlain's program is not divided by labor candidates, it looks as if Sir Henry's followers might constitute in the next House of Commons a very large majority—equal, perhaps, to that which Mr. Gladstone secured in 1880. If, on the other hand, the labor party should insist on putting forward nominees of its own in all large industrial centers—we should remember that there are already forty-five labor members—and if the Irish voters in British constituencies should decline to aid the Liberals, the latter's majority would probably be small and their tenure of office brief."

Upon all these various contingencies is the success of the Liberal party supposed to depend. Will the new Prime Minister rise superior to the situation and overcome what the Springfield *Republican* calls these "factors of discord that threaten his régime?" He has, as the New York *Evening Post* remarks, a "bull-dog tenacity," and a few American papers think that, given a fair chance, he will be able to do the task successfully, but the majority seem inclined to the belief that his selection has done nothing to clear away the political clouds, or add to the strength of the Liberal party. The Brooklyn *Times* characterizes him as a "flaccid invertebrate." The Boston *Transcript* remarks:

"Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is likely to prove the least brilliant of the statesmen who have been at the head of affairs for a generation. His age is not in his favor, and his cast of mind is somewhat stolid, but even his stolidity may serve him in the present emergency. Rosebery has been sulking in his tent, and will not come to the front under the new dispensation, but probably we shall hear more of Asquith and John Morley and Herbert Gladstone than ever before. The Liberal party that returns to power is different in many respects from the Liberal party that went out a decade ago. Vernon-Harcourt is dead and Lord Rosebery is disaffected, but perhaps the men whom Sir Henry will assemble under him will draw better together without them. The Irish question and the labor question will continue to be delicate factors in the new situation. The proposed alliance between the leaders of the two interests threatens pressure and complication unless the Liberal majority is very strong, which it is quite likely to be. Matters of domestic import are likely to furnish the dominant issues. Foreign relations are more quiescent in character than they were under Balfour, but whether the greater nearness of the responsibilities makes for increased harmony or increased dissent is something that the developments of the near future must decide."

TOPICS IN BRIEF.

ST. PETERSBURG telegraphers are on a strike. The Czar is not in their "click."—*The Indianapolis Star.*

POSSIBLY Mars would sell us a good second-hand canal that could be sawed off and made to fit.—*The Chicago News.*

WE still believe there is a little good in everybody in spite of the insurance investigation.—*The Los Angeles Express.*

THERE is said to be not a single ruble in the Russian treasury. No wonder George W. Perkins left St. Petersburg.—*The Atlanta Journal.*

TOO many people are disposed to form their judgment of the degree of brutality in a football game by the score.—*The Butte Inter Mountain.*

IT really is not right to refer to the life insurance presidents as grafters. Graft hardly describes some of their operations.—*The Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

PERHAPS the Czar could quell the spirit of those Russian college students by having them initiated into some college fraternity.—*The Atlanta Journal.*

THERE is a rumor that Nicholas is about to take leave of Russia. He could not take from Russia anything that Russia could better spare.—*The Columbia (S. C.) State.*

MRS. MAUD BALLINGTON BOOTH'S plea for more comfortable penitentiaries will not be without support in the United States Senate.—*The Philadelphia North American.*

RECENT despatches from the Isle of Pines say all is quiet there, the army having put its gun behind the door and gone out to hoe the pineapples.—*The Chicago Record-Herald.*

IT is said to have cost New York $2,000,000 to hold its election. That seems like a lot of money to pay for the kind of city officials New York usually gets.—*The Kansas City Journal.*

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LETTERS AND ART.

THE COMMERCIALIZATION OF THE DRAMA.

"AS we are still in that formative state as a people where every influence at work among us is having its effect, it may be well to turn our thoughts toward the possible value of an institution which has never received from us, as a nation, any formal recognition." In these words Mr. James S. Metcalfe, dramatic critic of *Life*, refers to the theatric art in the United States, an art which "has been left by us to depend for its support on its ability to survive as a commercial undertaking." That it justifies itself on this ground at least may be inferred from a recent estimate which places the amount of capital invested in theaters in this country as something over three hundred millions of dollars, and the amount we pay each year for our theatrical amusements at fifty millions of dollars. Public money, says Mr. Metcalfe, has gone into painting, sculpture, and decoration, and "music, in a different way, has levied its tribute." But for the drama we have no gifts. From it "we exact a *quid pro quo*, and drive an exacting bargain with the man at the door," with the consequence that "the theater lives only to please, not to elevate or to educate, not to cultivate any virtues." It has become, he continues, "a courtezan among the arts, whose trade is not to please the best people, but the most." Not only has the theater become with us a purely commercial institution, says Mr. Metcalfe, but "unfortunately the men to-day in charge of the business interests of the theater are far from being representative of the best, even in American business life." Another obstacle to bringing the theater to its highest value, he adds, is found in the preponderance of the estimation of New York audiences in determining what shall and shall not be seen by the rest of the country. "The consequence is, that we have the theatrical standards of the whole country based largely on the verdict of New York's frivolity and ignorance." Nevertheless, Mr. Metcalfe sees in the theater potentialities of culture peculiarly its own. As a corrective for the present unfavorable conditions he prescribes just such a national theater as that which Mr. Conried is about to inaugurate, as recently announced in these columns. To quote further from his paper, which appears in *The Atlantic Monthly* for December:

MR. JAMES S. METCALFE.

The drama, he says, "has become a courtezan among the arts, whose trade is to please not the best people but the most."

"To claim that the stage, no matter how improved, could work an immediate revolution in the manners and taste of our people, would be manifestly absurd; but it is entirely safe to say that the theater could, in the matters which are apparently so unimportant in life, yet which mean so much, be an important factor in molding at least the externals of our national character. This means, however, that, busy as we are, we should give the theater a more important place in our thoughts and in our scheme of popular education than that at present allotted to it. Nor is the claim that the theater might be made a teacher of improvement in the minor things of life the only one that can be made for it; it might be made the medium for the elevation of the popular taste in all the arts and in literature, and even for the inculcation of the principles of lofty thought and right living. It may seem strange that a people so clever as we are have neglected this potent influence for good, and have regarded it only as a toy for our amusement, to be shaped and fashioned by the toy-merchant solely with a view to making it catch the fancy, and therefore become a salable and profitable article of merchandise. . . . . .

"But to put aside the idea of amusement and regard the theater solely as an instrument of education would certainly make it not worth while in a broad way. Instead of the general support now accorded to it voluntarily by the people, we should need Government subsidies, and attendance would have to be made compulsory. Human nature has a way of not taking kindly to what it is told is good for it. The very earliest doctors learned to sugar-coat their pills; in the theater the sugar-coating, the amusement, is bound always to be an absolute essential and the leading ingredient. If we kept the theater mostly a place of amusement, and yet educational, in teaching by example some of the things in which, as a people, we are deficient, we must answer our question by saying that, even so, the theater is very well worth while.

"To make the theater truly valuable, to give it its highest value, we must admit that its first function is to amuse, and then to that function, where we can, add such educational influence as is possible. Some voluminous reader has said that no book ever written was so trivial or bad that he could not extract from it at least one idea of value. And there probably never was any stage production so bad intrinsically that, if done in the best way it could be done, it would not teach something to some of its spectators. In its best estate, the theater might be made an educational influence, especially in the graces of speech, manners and intercourse, second to none at our command."

As the theater exists among us to-day, says Mr. Metcalfe, "it is a creature of haphazard growth, kicked and petted by turns, in whose present formation there have been at work so many ill-advised influences that it is like an over-indulged and spoiled child, with too many relatives who do not care for its future, if only they can get from it the moment's pleasure. It needs discipline before it can become at once our joy and our pride."

AN ACADEMIC MOVEMENT IN AMERICAN ART.

A GREAT annual American Salon, which should focus the art interests of the country, and which, it is satirically suggested, might "capture the attention of the intelligent classes to the extent, even, of the Horse Show!" is one of the possibilities recently discussed in the art world. This indicates, according to Mr. William Walton, who writes in *Scribner's Magazine*, a tendency among American artists the direct inverse of the prevailing tendency in Europe, where art is in rebellion against the tyranny of the salon and the academy. We show a willingness, he says, to experiment with methods that are being discarded abroad. In England, in Germany, in Austria, and in France, the writer reminds us, the most vital genius is usually to be found among those who have seceded from the ranks of artistic officialdom. "So that, abroad at least, the great centripetal nationalistic movement, so inevitable in international politics, seems to be alien to art." But at home, he goes on to say, "various movements are on foot tending toward a centralization, the establishment of a quasi-official art, speaking with the authority of academies and institutes, as much as our habitual irreverence for authority will permit." He goes on to cite the movement for a department of fine arts at Washington, the founding of the American Academy of Fine Arts in Rome, and the recent mergers of art interests in New York (described in THE LITERARY DIGEST, June 3). We read:

"The members of the Society of Beaux-Arts Architects, at a meeting held in this city in May of this year, unanimously adopted a resolution advocating the establishment of a department of fine arts in Washington—if necessary, only a bureau at first—to have supervision of the national buildings, national parks, designs for national monuments, and the fostering and developing of the fine arts of the country itself. It was the opinion of the proposer of this motion that 'the time had come when there should be some recognition of the fine arts by the national authorities in this coun-

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try, similar to that accorded in France and other countries on the Continent.' The American Academy of Fine Arts in Rome, founded on that of France, providing a post-graduate course for architects, sculptors, painters, and musicians, was incorporated by Act of Congress in February of this year (1905), the eleventh of its existence, and will soon move into its permanent home in the Villa Mirafiori, on the Via Nomentana. Its influence upon the practising art of the day, backed tho it has been to some extent by the press and by the authority of a few of the leading mural painters of the metropolis, has not as yet, apparently, been very strongly felt, and one of its earliest graduates, Mr. Breck, has left these seemingly fruitless fields to return to the Eternal City as director of the institution.

"It is proposed to fuse all the various art societies and art interests of this city into one great, central, semi-official institution and building—to establish, in fact, one grand annual exhibition of painting, sculpture, and design, which shall attain, as nearly as possible, to the dignity of the annual Paris salons, taking the place, more or less, of the usual annual exhibitions of the Academy of Design, the Society of American Artists, the two Water-Color Societies, the Architectural League, and the occasional ones of the National Sculpture Society. It is hoped, and thought, that the mere bulk and avoirdupois of this annual American, or, perhaps, only Manhattan, salon would capture the attention of the intelligent classes to the extent even, possibly, of the Horse Show. At the annual meeting of the Academy of Design, May 10, 1905, the question of amalgamation with the Society of American Artists, which had been referred to a joint committee of both bodies, did not come up, the committee not being ready to report, but at this meeting the council of the Academy was authorized to accept the proposal made by the president of Columbia University to unite with that scholastic institution in the administration of its art schools. . . . . .

"The possibility of dispensing with institutions and societies altogether is, as will be seen, far from being, as yet, contemplated; that ideal state of affairs—dreamed of by the painter possibly somewhat more than by the sculptor—in which there is no 'sending to exhibitions,' no dusty struggle for medals and honors and the loud voice of popular approval, but peace and quiet and the loving working out of each man's mission in the silence of his own atelier—this, being ideal, is impossible. Even without it there might seem to be something more for those who doubt that, because of the accident of the present age being that one in which we live, it is therefore of more importance than any other to the art in which we are interested. To these, the academical training offers greater knowledge, and, perhaps, inspiration, but its hold upon the traditions of the past may lead to error."

HENRY JAMES, "THE DILIGENT RECORDER OF A LEISURE CLASS."

THE visit of Mr. Henry James to his native land after a lapse of more than twenty years was productive of much comment on the personal side and provoked some rather ineffectual efforts to estimate his contribution to the literature of to-day. Now that he has gone again and we have recovered from or benefited by the smarts that he administered through his comments on our manners or our speech, there is time for a calm survey of the intrinsic benefits that his long and assiduous literary career has conferred upon us. A study of his fiction by Miss Elizabeth Luther Cary, entitled "The Novels of Henry James," points out that the time is apt, if not for final critical judgment, at least for something more than a cursory consideration of his accumulated accomplishment. If it be true, as Mr. Howells asserted something over two years ago, that Mr. James was the most considerable figure in the world of English letters, it were well to inquire what constitutes his preeminence. If the American reads in Miss Cary's book that Mr. James is "a diligent recorder of a leisure class," his question may naturally follow, why such activities should greatly matter to a country which has no leisure class? The present writer answers the question in saying that "what the 'good American' now thinks about with perhaps less optimism than formerly, but surely with a finer ardor, is how his country may avoid the choice commemorated in Emerson's significant poem, how it may learn clearly to distinguish diadems from fagots and firmly grasp the better gifts of the hypocritic days in manners, in morals, and in learning, as well as in commerce and mechanical science." From such a point of view, she says, "the patriot must inevitably welcome almost with a pious gratitude a long series of impressions made upon a mind prepared to receive the fine, elusive, imperceptible seed of English and European influences, to nourish it with the substance of a rich intelligence, and bring it to a luxuriant fruitage of ripe reflection." Of Mr. James as a vehicle of such influences she says:

"It is, perhaps, as the diligent recorder of a leisure class, with its intricately combined and differentiated characteristics, that Mr. James most appeals to readers eager for the fullest possible data of human society. Along this line he has labored for us of the present generation as no one else has labored, and has fixed with exquisite analysis types and conditions that are already ceasing to exist in life and are nowhere else than in his novels adequately commemorated. Even when we find ourselves in special instances critical of his choice and in doubt concerning its sustained significance, we are obliged to admit that he alone of the present time has undertaken to produce for us a picture of international social relations, drawn in the presence of the model, and with a patience and authority inspired by an infinitely serious purpose. His cumulative statement of his impressions has the dignity of mature, considered, highly developed art. It is the synthesis of deliberately acquired knowledge, and bears none of the marks of hasty seeing or superficial learning. In using the simile of the painter's art to express his performance, we are more than usually justified, for his method is closely akin to that of the painter if we make due allowance for the greater flexibility of his medium. He reproduces appearances with sufficient regard to selection, representing in his work the seen and recording the fact that certain things are unseen. From these appearances we may judge what the reality is; from these beautifully rendered effects we may infer causes; but what is not left for inference, what is impressed upon us so forcibly as to admit of no contradiction, is the sincerity of the artist and the consequent importance as matter for consideration of his art."

His methods, says **Miss** Cary, have many times been said to resemble the French; but the quality in which we can see most clearly such a resemblance, the quality of conscientiousness, is stronger with him and deeper than with any Frenchman known to modern letters. Conscientiousness in its deeper and subtler sense, the French, it has been noted by a critic himself at once deep and subtle, conspicuously lack. She continues:

"Mr. James, on the other hand, has carried it into regions which it illumines with an extraordinary light. It has become increasingly true of him that he reaches depths and crannies of character and temperament to which none of his predecessors could have penetrated, making his way through the baffling layers of cant and custom and back of the sturdy file of obvious motives guarding the secrets of our innermost being by means of a passion for truth too intense and moving to be classified as philosophy. It has been said indeed that Mr. James has no philosophy, but it can not be denied that he has a religion in the general and large meaning of the word. In the domain of his art it is his religion to reveal not perhaps so much as may be possible of life, but life as close as possible to its source, life as little as possible concealed by its mask or observed at second hand. Reviewing his work from the tentative charming experiments, confessions, and blithe confidences of his wandering years to 'The Golden Bowl,' with its close texture like old rich hand-woven tapestry, the tendency of his effort, preconceived, we may imagine, and consistently held, is sufficiently apparent. It is nothing surely but this, or at all events nothing less than this: to come by incorrigible patience and unwearying perception at the life of the soul, and to render this with an art worthy of the difficult, the well-nigh impossible subject."

If, continues the writer of this sympathetic appreciation, in his effort to arrive at an adequate perception of the life of the soul, Mr. James has "somewhat shown the lack of frequent communion with the good brown earth in places not yet humanized by the

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presence of man, he has made of the dim underworld in which ideas and emotions are born a place of infinite loneliness and romance." Further:

"These inner scenes upon which he looks are filled with the unfamiliar and the inaccessible as the island of Crusoe's fame or the New World appearing to the first explorer of the Western hemisphere. This interrogation of the invisible united to an unremitting effort toward completeness of evocation constitutes his extraordinary distinction. It places him as he appears in his later novels, quite apart not only in accomplishment, but, one might positively say, in aim from all other novelists living or dead. . . . . What he personally stands for in his criticisms, and what he indefatigably acts upon in his novels and stories, most of all in his shorter stories, is this simple and supreme idea of combining what a critic of painting would call tactile values with the greatest possible amount of spiritual truth. In other words, his technical curiosity, his ability to represent life pictorially by a multiplicity of fine observations, runs hand in hand with a curiosity far more unusual and far more difficult to satisfy, a curiosity as to moral states and responsible affections."

SCOTT'S FREEDOM FROM THE TYRANNY OF GRAMMAR.

AROUND the rather obvious statement that "no rules of verbal criticism are worthy of consideration unless they are supported by the concurrent usage of the best writers," Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale University, constructs another of his interesting language papers. The great author, says Professor Lounsbury, "is saved from an infinity of errors by that fine sense of expression which belongs to him by the right of genius," and "he can therefore afford to disregard and usually to despise the rhetorical guide-books which more or less ignorantly set out to show him what to follow and what to avoid." In illustration he cites the case of Sir Walter Scott, "who is constantly spoken of as a very careless writer," and whose productions "have been a favorite hunting-ground for verbal critics." This, says Professor Lounsbury (writing in *Harper's Magazine*), "simply because he disregarded a number of rules which men infinitely inferior to himself have set up as tests for correctness of speech." We read further:

"Scott was indeed a very rapid writer, and his style at times exhibits the inaccuracy and slovenliness which arise from haste. Such he would have admitted to be the case, and in fact did admit and correct when these objectionable features were pointed out. But in the great majority of cases the faults with which he has been charged would not have been deemed by him faults at all. Had his attention been called to them, he would not have made the slightest alteration.

"On this very point he has not left us in doubt. Not even his regard for his son-in-law was sufficient to induce him to disguise his contempt for his son-in-law's linguistic criticism. There is a significant entry in his diary which bears upon this subject, under the date of April 22, 1826. 'J. G. L. points out,' he writes 'some solecisms in my style, as *amid* for *amidst*, *scarce* for *scarcely*. *Whose*, he says, is the proper genitive of *which* only at such times as *which* retains its quality of impersonification. Well! I will try to remember all this, but after all I write grammar as I speak, to make my meaning known, and a solecism in point of composition, like a Scotch word in speaking, is indifferent to me. . . . I believe the bailiff in the "Good-Natured Man" is not far wrong when he says, "One man has one way of expressing himself, and another another, and that is all the difference between them."'

"The passage just quoted is interesting for two reasons. It exhibits in the first place the different attitude toward expression assumed by the man who approaches speech from the side of literature and the man who approaches it from the side of what he deems grammar. The one feels himself the master of language; the other regards himself as its slave. But the passage conveys a much more useful lesson as to the distinction prevailing between the two. That is, the superiority of the most careless man of genius to the most careful man of talent in the very matter in which the latter arrogates to himself special proficiency. . . . .

"The point to be made emphatic here is that Scott in his usage was entirely right and Lockhart in his censure of it was entirely wrong."

FRANKLIN, OUR PREMIER MAN OF LETTERS.

IT is perhaps a more or less unfamiliar view of Franklin to regard him as a pioneer in the formation of a conscious English style that should bear the marks of national traits, and as the first to exhibit qualities of humor which, from a national standpoint, may be looked upon as *sui generis*. In the introductory sections of Albert Henry Smyth's new edition of the writings of Franklin, these phases of the great man's many-sided genius are emphasized. A letter of Franklin's to David Hume, quoted by the editor, shows that the writer was conscious not alone of the standards that the best English authors of the mother country set before the colonist, but of the judicious use that the colonist, through the limited culture of his fellow countrymen, was bound to make of that example. Commenting upon Franklin's perspicacity in this respect, Mr. Smyth says:

"From which rational conception of literature, and from his experiences in winning the mastery of a powerful and persuasive style, it may be inferred that Franklin's English is no intertissued robe of gold and pearl, no taffeta phrases and silken terms precise, but honest, homely, hearty speech, without obscurity or ambiguity, and English that speaks in russet yeas and honest kersey noes."

Passing on to a larger view of his subject, the editor brings out the fact that in addition to Franklin's preeminence as a statesman and a diplomatist, he is secure of fame scarcely less exalted in the world of letters. Thus:

"It may not seem high commendation to say that Franklin was the chief American writer at a time when men of letters were as rare as Phoenix. But his significance in literature appears when we remember that he was the first American to transcend provincial boundaries and limitations, and the first author and scientist to achieve wide and permanent reputation in Europe. Before his 'Autobiography' but one literary work of real importance had been done in the colonies, and that was the stupendous 'Magnalia' of Cotton Mather, a vast glacial boulder and monument of what C. F. Adams has happily called the 'ice age' of New England Puritanism. The 'Autobiography' was quite another thing. It was vivid, truthful, thrilling with life, for it was the simple, fascinating narrative of a career that began in lowly surroundings and ended in splendor. It contained therefore the substance of the stories that have chiefly interested the world. Nothing but the 'Autobiography' of Benvenuto Cellini, or the 'Confessions' of Rousseau, can enter into competition with it. In the United States it has been reprinted many scores of times, and it has been translated into all the languages of Europe; however the fashions of literature change, the vogue of this work is unalterable. At the circulating libraries the demand for it is constant. One of the leading merchants of the world, who rose from low estate to power and wealth and influence, has said that when a boy a copy of A. Millar's edition of the 'Autobiography' (1799) was one of his very few books. He read it again and again, and he ascribes a very large portion of his success in life to the lessons of perseverance, self-reliance, and economy illustrated in it. Many other instances of such encouragement and inspiration doubtless exist."

The preeminence of Franklin is more clearly seen in that species of drollery which is called "American humor," says the writer. In "Poor Richard's Almanac" and in the columns of the Pennsylvania *Gazette* it first assumed the literary form by which it has since been known. "Humor was native and spontaneous with Franklin. The moment after he had seen the serious side of anything he saw the comic side of it," he continues and cites Jefferson's alleged statement that Franklin was not asked to write the Declaration of Independence because he could not have refrained from putting a joke into it. The praise bestowed by Franklin's editor is not without qualification, however, for we are later told how the qualities of the statesman's humor partake of the eighteenth rather than the twentieth century taste. To quote:

"Unfortunately, it is impossible without offense to quote many of his briefer paragraphs. We may track him through the thirty years of *The Gazette* by the smudgy trail he leaves behind him.

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His humor is coarse and his mood of mind Rabelaisian. His 'salt imagination' delights in greasy jests and tales of bawdry. He came of a grimy race of hard-handed blacksmiths, and they had set their mark on him. With all his astonishing quickness and acuteness of intellect and his marvelous faculty of adaptation, he remained to the end of life the proletarian, taking an unclean pleasure in rude speech and coarse innuendo. He out-Smolletts Smollett in his letters to young women at home and experienced matrons abroad. Among the manuscripts in the Library of Congress, and in the columns of his newspaper and the introductions to 'Poor Richard,' are productions of his pen, the printing of which would not be tolerated by the public sentiment of the present age. It is no use blinking the fact that Franklin's animal instincts and passions were strong and rank, that they led him to the commission of many deplorable *errata* in his life, and that the taint of an irredeemable vulgarity is upon much of his conduct. As is said of Angelo in the play, 'I am sorry one so learned and so wise should slip so grossly.'"

THE SOCIAL NOTE IN MODERN FRENCH CARICATURE.

THE art of caricature, says Mr. Paul Gautier, sticks close to the realities of life, portraying them in the intimate or the humble relations which the greater arts neglect. Hence contemporaneous caricature in France is a striking example, he claims, of the services which the art of satire in drawing may render to the history of morals. No other art, he holds, is more expressive of an epoch, its life, its aspirations, and its sensibility. And since the present age, says the writer, is one in which money exercises an arrogant sway, we see depicted in modern caricature the degrading effects of the thirst for gold. The personal caricature has disappeared, we read, before the caricature of morals and manners. Contemporaneous caricature "paints classes rather than isolated types." We read further (in *Le Grande Revue*, Paris):

"If the simplicity of Daumier's bourgeois has disappeared beneath the bestiality of Herman Paul's *parvenu*, if the full-blown faces of the former have given place to the bloated countenances of the second, branded with sensuality, it is not otherwise in a world in which the worship of riches has brought to light everything in the way of gross appetites which our nature contains. So the simple egoism of the shopkeeper who formerly supplied the chief material for caricature—his conceit tempered with indulgence and even with goodness—is effaced before a porcine greediness which is the distinctive mark of our modern 'stuffers.' This brutality, which the art of the caricaturist Hermann Paul puts into their thick heads, their awkward bodies, their vulgar speech, is really an accurate representation of the nature of all those persons in whom this weakening of character coincides with a mad pursuit of pleasure, sensual, stupid, and debauched. It is significant of a condition of mind which is pleased with the filth of the kiosks, the pornographic novel, the basenesses of the café concert. The other side of the picture, which represents the disinherited of fortune, is not less truthful. If, at the side of the powerful, contemporaneous caricature gives a larger and larger space to those who go with empty stomachs, shoes down at the heel, clothes in tatters, it is because the flood continues to rise under the increasing pressure of the egoism of the 'satisfied.' . . . . .

"Modern caricature discloses to us a wretchedness, black, cold, implacable in its cruelty, a wretchedness which affords no ray of hope, which seizes the sufferer by the throat, which presses and kills, the wretchedness, in fine, which the increasing harshness of the struggle for life continually extends in our exclusively capitalistic societies."

Political caricature, we are told, is not less representative of new conditions. Says Mr. Gautier:

"From being individual satire has become collective, like politics itself. If Leander on one side and Sem, Capiello, and De Losques on the other, try to revive the exaggerated portrait or to reestablish the silhouette, they forsake the politicians for the celebrities of finance, art, the bar, science, or literature, who, in our days, fill the great rôles of life's stage to the detriment of the politicians, who are only presented in groups, in their daily habits, as a social species, without the slightest personal identification. The disappearance of personal caricature in political subjects, before the caricature of morals and manners, has its cause in the growing supremacy of the legislative over the executive, of the collective over the individual. It is significant of a division, a partition not to say a scattering of responsibility, which, being everywhere, is nowhere. How is it possible to attack a Government which is subdivided into groups, sub-groups, commissions, and committees of all sorts?"

The author refers to the social quality of caricature as follows:

"Contemporaneous caricature is social above everything. It paints classes rather than isolated types. It is specially preoccupied with the relations of sets and division of citizens between themselves. It is not satisfied with contrasting, as on a vast two-fold screen, the pomp of the leisure class, the wealth of *parvenus* with the sufferings and woes of the wretched, it goes further and presents the latter as 'the sacrificed,' as victims of the selfishness and pride of 'the satisfied.' It represents the poor and unfortunate as crushed beneath the weight of a social class, the fortunate, which they themselves support. It brands the iniquity of the social contract by which the poor man works for a bare living while the rich man monopolizes the benefits of his toil. It stigmatizes the omnipotence of capital, triumphant selfishness, the insolence of the speculators fattening on the flesh of the working man.

"In contemporary caricature we find the ideal of justice. It is this which makes social the caricature by men such as Hermann Paul, Forain, Steinlen, Heidbrinck, and Ibels, while Monnier, Daumier, and Gavarni pictured isolated men, producing types like Mayeux, Joseph Prudhomme, Robert Macaire, or Thomas Virelocque. It is thanks to this spirit of justice that the types given us by our modern caricaturists appear, as one might say, only in their social rôles. And if they go to the bottom of things, it is only to show how far the influence of money has exalted the ferocity of selfishness."

All those who suffer from cold and hunger, we read, find place in the work of Heidbrinck and Tiret-Bognet, Steinlein and Ibels, merely from pity for their sad estate:

"They picture them for us without heat or lodging, sleeping on a bench in summer, and in winter warming their stiffened fingers over the flickering flame of brazier, or dispossessed and turned out in the snow. And then there are the painful journeys to the pawnshop. There are the beggars and the shivering flower-girl. It is a mournful epic, this enumeration of the sufferings and anguish of 'the disinherited of life.' If modern caricature touches upon misery and wretchedness it is only because the fraternity of a Tolstoy urges it. If it paints unfortunates, it is because of its supreme pity for them, recognizing that their condition is created by the injustices of society. So it remains that roughness of contemporaneous caricature reflects the sovereign ideal of pity and justice."

Concerning the realism of modern caricature the author goes on to say:

"Finally, contemporaneous caricature is in its style expressive of modern art and society. In spite of the exigencies of satire, contemporaneous caricature is realistic, as is all modern art. Its technic is a little hard. It neglects roundnesses, cuts out silhouettes, and converts shadows into hatchings. Accessories are merely indicated. And no conventional types but real life in its variety, in its special and individual essence, so to speak. . . . . .

"Modern French caricature is in such complete harmony with certain tendencies in the spirit of modern French art that there is not a very clear distinction between them. Are not certain pictures of Jean Beraud, Raffælli, or Jeannot caricatures just as there are some caricatures by Guillaume or Forain which are true pictures?

"It results from all this that, while contemporaneous caricature impeaches our modern society, it is a witness for the defense in all the discontent and shattered ideals that its portrayals and its style reveal."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

MANY sensitive people in England have been greatly exercised over a certain decidedly unusual and striking feature of the recent tricentennial celebrations of the birth of Sir Thomas Browne, author of the famous "Religio Medici." The feature which evoked criticism was the public exhibition of Sir Thomas's skull in the Norwich Museum. The relic, which is said to be authentic, attracted hundreds of interested sightseers. Whether this exhibition would have been regarded as an indignity by the great writer, could he have foreseen it, remains an open question.

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION.

UNDERMINING THE FOUNDATIONS OF SCIENCE.

OUR present science—"modern," we are fond of calling it, forgetting that what is modern quickly becomes ancient—is based on constancy, on the assumed indestructibility of matter and energy. Both, according to our view, may change in form or in availability, never in absolute quantity. This principle, in the minds of some thinkers, has been somewhat rudely shaken by recent discoveries. A few, calling themselves "neo-physicists," or so-called by others, are trying to raise a new structure on what they are pleased to regard as the ruins of the old. Among these iconoclasts is Mr. Gustave Le Bon, who has just written a book entitled "The Evolution of Matter" (Paris, 1905). In this he tells us that our old declaration of constancy, "nothing is created; nothing is lost," will have to be modified. In a review contributed to the *Revue Scientifique*, Mr. Henri Piéron concludes that Mr. Le Bon is too radical, altho much that he asserts is in accord with twentieth-century science. Says Mr. Piéron:

"'Nothing is created; everything disappears.' Such is the motto of this book, from which the boldness of the author may be imagined. . . . Mr. Le Bon has [deduced] certain fundamental concepts of the philosophy of science which, on the one hand, rest on experimental data . . . and, on the other, fade away into the obscurity and disquietude of metaphysics. . . . . .

"'Nothing is created; everything is lost.' And, in fact, our readers will recall that all forms of energy result from the dissociation of matter, from atomic decomposition. But lost matter is lost forever and all the diffused energies, dispensed with prodigality . . . can not reappear and be reembodied in material forms. Matter is not created; but it is lost, it is destined to be lost, and even life is but one of the multiplied ways in which the loss may take place. . . . Mr. Le Bon wants us to admit that, tho there was no beginning, there will at least be an ending. . . . . .

"Let us flee from such a domain, where the play of illusion makes the mind hurl itself against the multiple mirrors of deceit, and let us get back to the region of scientific hypothesis. . . . On this ground it must be acknowledged that the ideas of Mr. Le Bon on the 'dematerialization' of matter are singularly in accord not only with his own experiments but also with all the most recent discoveries. . . . . .

"And nevertheless everything is not lost, for matter gives birth to energy, and energy that disappears in the ether is still existent, even if it does not appear in directly perceptible aspects, perception implying the presence of matter. Thus the new principle holds for matter only; now if matter is but a passing form, as it were a concentration of energy, and if energy alone really exists, then we may still say that nothing is either created or lost, for energy is not lost in the exact sense of the word; that is, it is not annihilated.

"And matter is not annihilated, because there is no matter in the sense of substance; because matter is but an aspect, a passing form, of which we have no positive proof that it may not reappear after the diffusion of energy. . . . . .

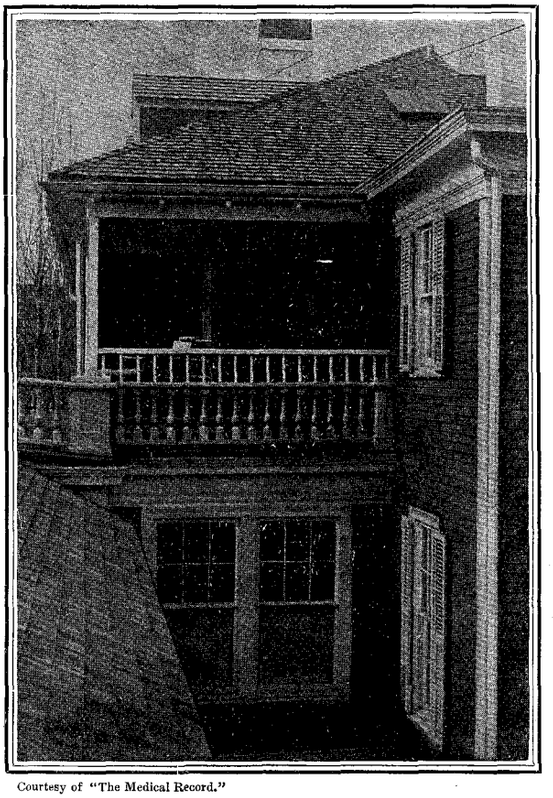
"At bottom the real principle that the neo-physicists put forward is that of inconstancy. We have asserted the absolute constancy of mass and of energy, and now it would appear necessary to admit their variability.

"But even this inconstancy does not correspond to a very profound view. On the one hand, it appears only in infinitesimal proportions which are almost without effect on the predictions—necessarily at short range—that constitute the end of science, so that our science (that is to say, science, since we can not conceive of any other) rests on principles of constancy, and successfully so, for predictions founded on its laws are verified. And on the other hand, in case of some other kind of science than ours, it would be possible to regard matter as only a form of energy, so that the principle of conservation of energy should still be preserved.

"Thus, in his efforts and his flights of imagination, Mr. Le Bon would appear to us to go rather too far, altho we would not fetter him. . . . And his book must certainly be read."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

OUTDOOR LIFE AT HOME.

THAT the outdoor life, both by night and by day, which has been found so beneficial in the treatment of tuberculosis, may be lived without going to the seashore or the woods, is now acknowledged by most writers on the subject. It has recently been made easier and more effective by several ingenious devices, some of which are described in a paper by Dr. S. A. Knopf, read before the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and printed in *The Medical Record* (New York, November 18). After describing the various forms of shanties, tents, etc., in use by patients in the mountains, Dr. Knopf describes the "sleeping porch," which can be utilized in any place. He quotes the following description from an article by Dr. Trudeau:



Courtesy of "The Medical Record."

SLEEPING PORCH FOR THE OPEN-AIR TREATMENT.

"Ideal sleeping-out places of this kind are built out from a second-story room, and on them the comparatively well patient can sleep at night, or the bedridden invalid may spend the entire time out of doors and in close proximity to family and friends. The bed can be moved out at will on this little structure, and the patient can step at once into a room heated when necessary, to bathe or dress at any time, or to get warm if chilled.

"These second-story sleeping-out verandas can be built at comparatively small cost and attached to almost any country house, and the consumptive who for any reason can not leave home can do much to arrest and cure the disease by equipping his house with such an out-of-door sleeping-place, which will enable him to live at rest out of doors the year around, for in winter one step will take him into a warm room where he can bathe and dress in comfort.

"The window of an ordinary second-story room is cut down to the floor and replaced by a door; the floor of the little sleeping-out porch is supported by wooden brackets attached to the sides of the house; the two ends are boarded up with thin boards, with or without glass casings, supplied with dark shades; an overhanging shingle roof completes the structure, and by its overhang prevents the rain from beating in directly on the patient. An awning is a great additional comfort against sun and rain.

"When the invalid has selected an ordinary veranda for a sleeping-out place, his bed should be placed in a corner, so that he is sheltered from the wind on two sides, at least, and far enough back to prevent the rain from beating on the bed. One end of the

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veranda can thus, with a bed, a rug, a table, and a chair, be turned into a sort of open-air room, where the patient can spend not only the nights, but most of the days, as well. A slender-bowed switch

Courtesy of "The Medical Record."

PORTE D'AIR WITH HOOD OVER PATIENT.

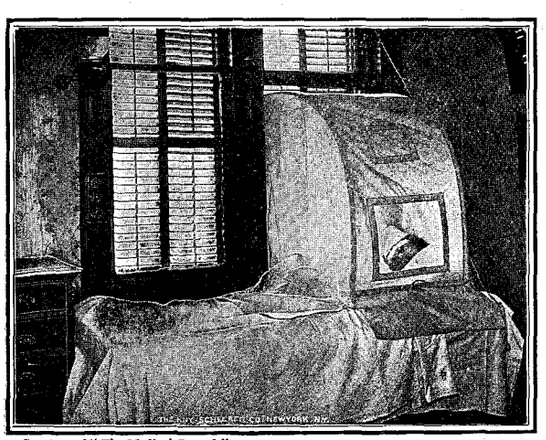
will do to attach the often indispensable mosquito-net, or the entire end of the veranda can be screened off for this purpose."

An ingenious device for enabling a patient to sleep in the open air in winter without leaving his room and without annoying other persons by opening windows, has been invented by Dr. Knopf, who calls it a "window-tent." He says:

"This window-tent is an awning which, instead of being placed outside of the window, is attached to the inside of the room. It is so constructed that air from the room can not enter nor mix with the air in the tent. The patient lying on the bed, which is placed parallel with the window, has his head and shoulders resting in the tent. . . . The ventilation is as nearly perfect as can be produced with so cheap a device. . . . . .

"The frame of the tent does not quite fill the lower half of the window; a space of about three inches is left for the escape of the warm air in the room. By lowering the window, this space can be reduced to one inch or less, according to need. On extremely cold and windy nights there need not be left any open space at all above the window-frame. The patient's breath will rise to the top of the tent, and the form of the tent aids in the ventilation. The awning is made of stout duck and is waterproof.

"The patient enters the tent through a flap which can be made either on the right or the left side of the tent. The lower edges of the canvas that come at the head and side of the bed are long enough to be tucked well under the mattress to exclude the air



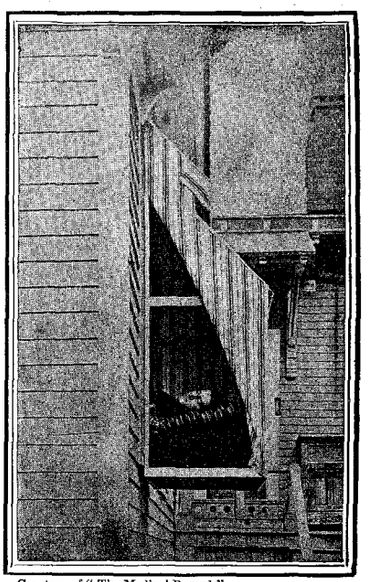
Courtesy of "The Medical Record."

WINDOW TENT,
With patient looking through celluloid window into the room.

from the room and protect the patient from draft. The flap is so constructed as to admit of easy access by the patient. . . . . .

"A piece of transparent celluloid is placed in the middle portion of the tent to serve as an observation window for the nurse or members of the family to watch the patient if this is necessary. It also serves to make the patient feel less outdoors and more in contact with his family. He can, if he desires, see what is going on in the room."

A similar device is the "aerarium" of Dr. T. M. Bull, which is shown in another illustration, and still another, which is used at the Battle Creek Sanitarium, is a large flexible tube of strong cloth, supported by steel rings, which is adjusted to a window and has at its inner end a hood that fits over the patient's head. This is called a *porte d'air* [air-conveyor]. Dr. Knopf says of it:



Courtesy of "The Medical Record."

DR. BULL'S AERARIUM,
Awning cut away, showing inside arrangement.

"The service which such an apparatus renders is, to my mind, of especial advantage when there is a severe rain- or snow-storm, when windows can not be opened and the window tent or aerium can not be used. The air is brought from outdoors through the tube right over the patient's bed or his reclining chair. Dr. Kellogg suggests the use of his *porte d'air* in summer; I can understand how it may render valuable service then. He supplements it by a small electric fan, which is placed near an open window, and joined to the *porte d'air* by a funnel-shaped connection. This secures a constant current of air at any desired point. The air may be cooled while coming in by sprinkling the tube or by laying wet towels on it."

IS A PERFECT BATTLE-SHIP POSSIBLE?

IT has been generally conceded of late by naval experts that a battle-ship must essentially represent a compromise; it can not be superior in speed, in armor, and in armament all at once; some one of these points must be sacrificed that the ship may excel in the others. In the effort to make this sacrifice as small as possible, constructors have been gradually raising the tonnage of their ships. That this may go on far enough to reduce the sacrifice to nothing, so that the battle-ship may be "compromiseless," is the belief of Commander Bradley A. Fiske, U. S. N., who would build 20,000-ton vessels of this class. That he would thus achieve his object is doubted by an editorial writer in *Engineering* (London, November 17). Referring to the increasing size and cost of battle-ships beginning with the *Dreadnought* of 1875, the earliest mastless ironclad, which cost about $2,500,000, this writer says:

"A few years after the completion of the older *Dreadnought*, a discussion arose, in the course of which the Admiralty authorities were roundly taken to task for deficiencies in certain elements of attack and defense in some of their designs. . . . As a reply, it was pointed out that a war-ship must be a compromise; she could not be supreme in every detail. The professional officers got out a design in which the most important demands of the critics were incorporated, and it was found that the cost of the vessel would be no less than £1,800,000 [$9,000,000]. This was considered at the time a sufficient answer to those who asked for a perfect war-ship; the price of the compromiseless ship would be so absurd as to put it beyond the pale of possibility.

"Now, after the lapse of another twenty years, our experience leads us to look on this 'absurd price' as something quite within the bounds of practical politics; only another quarter of a million,

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or perhaps less, and we shall have reached the once 'impossible' figure. It is a question, however, whether the Japanese have not already reached it, for a leading Tokyo journal states that naval experts have decided that in future battle-ships must displace 22,000 tons, that they must have an armament of fourteen 12-inch guns, and must reach a speed of 20 knots. . . . . .

"Altho it may be supposed we are within measurable distance of the £1,800,000 set down over twenty years ago as the figure at which compromise in battle-ship design would disappear, it need hardly be said we are not within sight of the compromiseless ship; and, indeed, a few minutes' consideration will show that such a vessel must be as much a phantom ship as the craft of the *Flying Dutchman*. What is compromiseless to-day will be compromised to-morrow, altho . . . it would naturally be quite possible, were funds unlimited, to build a vessel that would excel all existing fighting ships."

The writer next proceeds to examine Commander Fiske's plans for such a ship alluded to above. He says:

"To get such a vessel he would need a constructor's capital of 20,000 tons, with armor distributed along the water-line, and over widely separated turrets. The speed would be 18 knots and the vessel 'would carry many torpedoes of sufficient range to keep an enemy 4,000 yards away.' She would 'carry a considerable number of the largest guns that have yet been built, and would carry such thick armor on the water-line, turrets, and conning-tower as to be practically invulnerable beyond torpedo range to any guns yet built, or building, for use afloat.' Later on he says: 'Ships of 20,000 trial-displacement tons seem to be what we (the United States Navy) need. They would be compromiseless, and have no off-setting disadvantages, strategical, tactical, or economical.'

"It will be noticed, first of all, that in this compromiseless ship her author has compromised what has always been considered one of the leading elements of design—speed; for he is contented with half a knot lower than our *King Edward VII.*, of 3,650 tons less displacement, to say nothing of the 21 knots of our new *Dreadnought*, of 2,000 tons less, or the 20 knots of the proposed Japanese vessels of 2,000 tons greater displacement than his design. This is a very important matter.

"In return for this shortcoming in speed, he offers 'torpedoes of sufficient range and speed to keep an enemy 4,000 yards away'; for the armor is only invulnerable beyond that range. Putting on one side the draft he here makes on the future . . . we find Commander Fiske compromising a proved valuable quality—speed—for an element of defense which has never yet proved its value in warfare, either real, or, so far as we are aware, make-pretend."

That all naval authorities, however, do not look toward indefinite increase in the size and power of the individual ship for the solution of this problem, would appear from the fact that Capt. Alfred T. Mahan, as quoted in the editorial which we are considering, is impressed by the fact that in the recent Japanese war combinations of smaller vessels were victorious over larger ones. To quote again:

"Captain Mahan . . . dwells on the attack made by Admiral Togo on the Russian line, when the enemy was thrown into disorder, which 'the Japanese were enabled to improve by being numerically much superior in armored vessels, on the whole, tho with fewer battle-ships.' He adds: 'Indeed, the larger numbers of the Japanese increased much their ability to combine to advantage; for the possibility of combination increases with numbers.' That is undoubtedly true; but it does not solve the problem, for in the big ship combination or concentration of force one of the most important canons of land and sea tactics is already effected, and the question still remains whether the, say, two strong ships or three weaker ones is the better disposition. Captain Mahan evidently leans to the latter view, for he says that 'this (the ability to combine) if accurately inferred from the instance before us, sounds again the warning, continually repeated, but in vain, that in distributing fleet-tonnage regard must be had to numbers, quite as readily as to the size of the individual ship.' . . . . . .

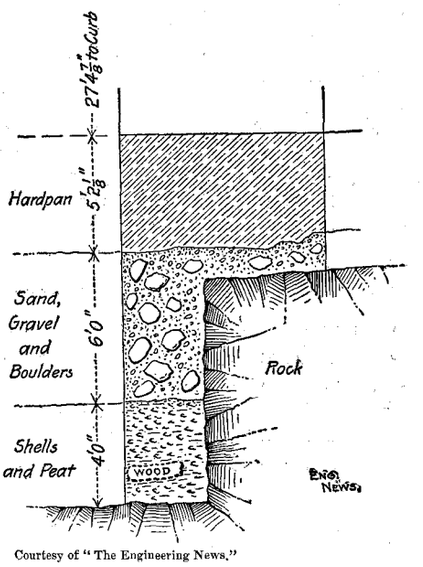
"The battle of big ships *versus* little ships has often been fought, on paper; naturally, it has always been a drawn battle. In the Sea of Japan, where the main issue was decisive enough, nothing was settled in this respect, for the forces were too unequal in everything but physical courage. The old weapons of the controversialist—concentration for the big ships, flexibility for the little ones—will be used again and again; but it appears to us that in the present case Commander Fiske's arguments in favor of big ships have not been upset by Captain Mahan."

To sum up, the writer would have us admit that the day of monster ships is not past; but that perfection will ever be reached with this growth in bulk and power, he evidently does not believe. Meanwhile, it is certainly interesting to us that the two experts quoted by this British writer are both officers in the United States navy.

THE OLDEST PIECE OF WOOD IN THE WORLD.

WHAT is claimed to be, in all probability, the oldest piece of wood in the world, almost certainly antedating the drift period in geologic history, has been found by workmen excavating for the new United States Express building at Greenwich and Rector streets, New York city. As it was buried under glacial drift, the conclusions stated above seem to be supported by strong evidence. The contractors write as follows to *Engineering News* (New York, November 23):

"The bed-rock at this point is about 40 feet below the curb. On top of the bed-rock is a strata about 11 feet thick, composed of hardpan and boulders. This strata is covered by ordinary quicksand and muck, usual in this section. The piece of wood was found on top of the bed-rock embedded in and covered by the strata of hardpan. The accompanying blue-print sketch shows the relation of the different strata and the position in which the wood was found."



Courtesy of "The Engineering News."

A PIECE OF WOOD OF THE PRE-GLACIAL PERIOD.

Geological section below alluvial sand at Wall, Greenwich and Rector streets, New York city, showing position in which wood was found buried under glacial drift.

The paper named above adds the following additional facts and comment:

"We may note in this connection that the rock surface of Manhattan Island, as shown by a recent United States Geological Survey publication, slopes from the north toward the south, and passes below tide level at about Tenth Street. Below this point Manhattan Island is really a great sand and silt deposit, built up on the underlying rock by the tides and currents of recent geologic time. As stated above, beneath the more recently deposited sand and silt and next to the rock there is a layer of boulders, gravel, and hardpan, which were evidently deposited during the glacial period.

"Inspection by a member of our editorial staff of the piece of wood referred to shows it to be light brown in color and rather punky, as might be expected from its great age and long immersion. It retains, nevertheless, considerable elasticity. One would judge it to be of some soft wood species. It was doubtless waterlogged and immersed for a long period before it was finally buried in the glacial drift."

Electricity on the Farm.—It has recently been announced in the daily press that the Fort Wayne & Wabash Valley Traction Company, of Indiana, is offering to sell power to farmers within certain distances of its line for operating farm machinery. *The*

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Electrical Review (New York, October 21) which notices this report, is of opinion that the experiment will be watched closely by other power companies, for if it is so successful as to demonstrate to the farmers the advantages of the electric motor, an enormous field for the sale of electric power and apparatus will be opened. The writer goes on to say:

"From time to time the advantages of electric power for performing certain kinds of farm-work have been pointed out. It is cheap, clean, and always ready for work. In certain restricted districts in Europe the electric motor has been put to use on the farms, with great success, but, taking it on the whole, this is one of the lesser applications of electricity. In this country it has been used also for such work, but only in a few instances. Many reasons might be assigned for this, probably most of them more or less true. The first expense of the equipment is a stumbling-block oftentimes; electric power is not everywhere available at low rates, and the average farmer is a conservative workman. He sows and reaps much as his fathers did before him. . . . . .

"Precaution should be exercised . . . in this extension of electric-power service, for not all farms, nor all farmers, are adapted to the electric drive. If motors and power are sold indiscriminately there is a possibility—even a probability—of a disappointing outcome. Wherever power is required for a certain average number of hours per day, the electric motor is undoubtedly cheaper than the horse, but no fixed limit can be set. The costs of power and of labor vary, and what is true of one section may not be true of another. It is gratifying to be informed that this extension of electric-power service is to be tried. It is to be hoped that it will be tried intelligently. If so, there need be no fear of the outcome."

SOME TRICKS WITH A PHONOGRAPH.

SOME interesting and amusing "stunts" that may be performed with a talking-machine, graphophone, or phonograph, are described in *The Scientific American* (New York, November 25) by Dexter W. Allis. In addition to the machine itself, the author notes, a recorder and a few blank records will be needed. The first trick, which he names the "Speech by Tom Thumb," is thus performed:

"The machine must be speeded up as high as possible, and the above announcement recorded on a blank in a deep, loud voice. The machine should be quickly slowed down to about eighty revolutions per minute, and the speech or monologue recorded at that speed, care being taken to articulate distinctly. When the blank is full, the reproducer may be substituted for the recorder, and the machine be brought up again to high speed at which the announcement was made. When the record is reproduced at this speed, the result will be the loud voice of the announcement followed by a rapid, pinched-up little voice making the speech."

The second trick described is the reproduction of a whistling duet, in which both parts are performed by the same person. This is effected as follows:

"Put on a blank; and, after the speed is at about 160 revolutions, whistle some popular piece of which you know the second part. When the record is full, set the recorder back to the beginning again without stopping the machine. When the recording point gets to the commencement of the piece, the first part will sound faintly in the recorder, thus giving the cue and the pitch for the second, which should be recorded not quite so loudly as the first.

"Several modifications of this experiment will suggest themselves. The first attempt may not be perfectly successful, but that need not be considered a drawback, as a spoiled record can be easily cleaned with a rag and a little kerosene. The rubbing should be lengthwise of the cylinder till the lines are all removed, after which a soft cloth is rubbed around the record to give a polish. Hard or gold-molded records may also be cleaned in this way, which fact suggests another amusing trick.

"This will call for two records, preferably talking selections, which are exact duplicates. One of these is 'doctored' by cleaning off the latter half, the rest being protected by a piece of writing-paper wrapped around and secured by an elastic band. On this blank space various remarks should be recorded, which should be very different from those originally there. The good record is to be played through first. While saying that you will repeat it, the second one is quickly substituted in the machine, and of course starts off exactly like the first one. When the 'doctored' portion is reached, however, a change will be noticed, but can not be accounted for by the hearers.

"By taking two records of entirely different character, cutting each in two, and putting on a half of one and a half of the other, we can often jump from the sublime to the ridiculous by quickly flipping the reproducer across the gap, from one to the other. With care the thinner half of one of these records may be slipped halfway on, in a reversed position, and when made to run true, will produce everything backward. A curious thing about such records is that the voice one hears in the proper direction is instantly recognized when reversed, but is, of course, unintelligible."

SCIENCE BREVITES.

THE importance of wholesome food in combating tuberculosis is dwelt upon in *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette* (New York), in the following words: "Many people owe to . . . dyspepsia the lowered vitality which made possible the successful tubercular infection. While we plead for good tenements, while we strive to control the infection of air and dust and demand the destruction of all sputum of all infected people in a community, let us bear in mind that people not yet infected, and people in whom infection has occurred but is held in check by present physical vigor, need from every etiological consideration of tuberculosis painstaking care of the digestive system; and for this purpose good cooks are better than druggists."

"THERE are in the suburbs of Rome," says *Cosmos*, "two farms where antique medals are made in large quantities. This would seem to be a singular agricultural product, yet nothing is more exact. The people who devote themselves to this odd industry cause to be swallowed by turkeys coins or medals roughly struck with the effigy of Tiberius or Caligula. After remaining for some time in the bodies of the fowls, the little discs of metal become coated with a remarkable 'patina.' If this coating were only the result of the gastro-intestinal voyage, it would be easy to secure it by treating the coins to be aged with dilute hydrochloric acid, for instance. But the mechanical action of the tiny stones contained in the gizzard is added to the purely chemical action of the gastric juice partially effacing the figures and toning down the hardness of the features. It is to be feared that some of the specimens in our public collections have been obtained by this curious process." — *Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

"A NOVEL application of the wireless telegraph transmitter was made the other night during one of the weekly band concerts given at the Pensacola Navy-yard," says *The Electrical World and Engineer*. "The large wireless transmitter station is located near the band-stand, and at the finish of a selection by the Navy Band, the DeForest operators, who had been testing their wireless plant, by way of expressing their enthusiastic applause, opened wide the great spark-gap as well as the doors to the sound-proof 'spark muffler,' and then depressing the Morse key sent out a succession of long, loud dashes, the deafening sound of which could be heard for blocks around. The spark is one of 'low frequency,' and its rattle, following upon the last notes of the music, sounded not unlike the outburst of thunderous applause from a vast multitude of clapping hands, only sevenfold louder than any ever heard before. The startled bandmaster, recognizing the novelty of this sort of applause, and impressed with the electrical enthusiasm of this new 'claque,' responded with the only encore of the evening, to the great amusement of the wireless men and his audience in general. But the most striking part of the whole proceeding came to light shortly afterward, when the DeForest operator at the station at New Orleans reported that precisely at that time he heard the succession of long, loud dashes, breaking up into the irregular clatter simulating the clapping of hands. So it proves that the bandmaster of the Navy-yard band of Pensacola has been honored by the most thunderous applause ever yet given in the history of music—applause heard 180 miles! Unfortunately the New Orleans operator was unable to hear the music prompting this etheric enthusiasm."

IN relation to our recent quotations from an article on euthanasia, Miss Anne S. Hall (whose name was wrongly given as "Helen" in the article referred to) writes to us as follows: "It is gratifying to read your hopeful declaration that the subject of euthanasia 'finds its advocates almost solely among the tender-hearted, and often among women.' It is to the tender-hearted,—to those with sympathy and realization of duty to the fatally injured and hopelessly afflicted,—that I am appealing with the hope of receiving sufficient name-support to enable me to plead with legislatures for such enactment as may be necessary. . . . Many physicians are in accord with my aims. One of the most eminent surgeons in the country to whom I submitted my resolutions, approved them. His words were: 'Go to the legislature; get a bill passed whereby we physicians may legally show mercy in the hour of death, but do not have the power placed in the hands of one man.' For twenty years he has wished for such legislation, he said. Another, an editor of a medical journal, would welcome it, if sufficiently safeguarded. Many physicians have told me they consider it a duty to make peaceful the end. 'What do you say to the members of the family?' has been my question. Without exception, the reply has been: 'Not a word; I use my own judgment. I put myself in the place of the dying patient and do to that one what I would wish another to do to me.' One said that no one knows what may be the feelings of a person in a dying condition, and that he had administered morphine and chloroform to his precious mother and to an uncle, who, when past speech, motioned that he desired an injection. The latter was in fulfilment of a promise made during health to the uncle, who was himself a physician. I asked the narrator if his conscience smote him. 'Not the slightest,' he replied; he knew he had done right."

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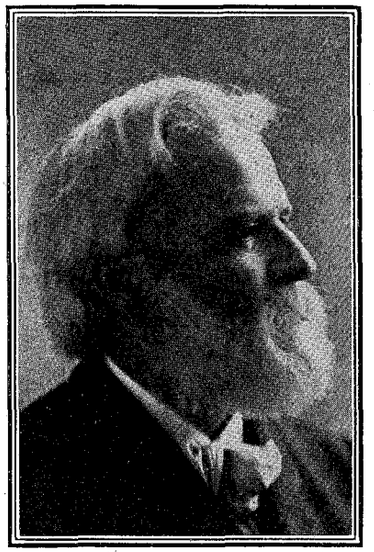
THE RELIGIOUS WORLD.

THE POETRY OF JESUS.

"THE career of Jesus was a romantic poem, an epic of passion and grief and heroic hope—one of the terrific tragedies in the wars of God. It everywhere touches on the ideal, the one eternal kingdom of poesy. It begins with a soft idyl of wonder and joy, passes through whirlwind and earthquake, rising at last to the white calm of eternity." Edwin Markham, who takes this striking view of the life of Jesus, in an article in *The Cosmopolitan*, proceeds to deal with the Gospel as a poem, or drama, in which Christ is the protagonist; and in an article in *The Homiletic Review* he represents Jesus as "a great poet, stung with . . . the passion for perfection, the yearning for the ideal." Jesus, like a poet, preached artistically; he felt the pity and sorrow of existence; he knew also the homely aspects of the day's work—threshing, grinding, trimming the lamps, looking after the cattle. He had the poet's glance and power of lyric utterance, as when he said "Consider the lilies." What is more, he possessed "an artistic severity of expression"; "a fine conciseness and unity of vision." He improved on the diffuseness and prolixity of the Hebrew prophets and employed intense and vivid imagery, such as marks the sublime in poetry. He is not inferior to Dante in this respect, we are told. To quote:



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MR. EDWIN MARKHAM.
This is considered by Mr. Markham to be his best portrait.

"There is not only a delicate beauty in the words of Jesus, but also an artistic severity of expression. He is always intense, yet always restrained. He has no wasted word, no needless image, no riot of emotion, no efflorescence of Oriental fancy. Dante does not have more severity of style. Every utterance has the modesty of nature, the instinctive breeding, the artistic reserve. The Man of Galilee was in deadly earnest; and earnestness tends to sweep away the gargoyle and leave the naked beauty of the column. He had the grand style—the power to say a significant thing with rigid simplicity of expression."

The eloquence of the Psalter is florid in comparison with the language of Jesus, says Mr. Markham, who speaks of the Founder of Christianity as follows:

"He does not give us the ornate eloquence of David, who sees the sun like 'a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoicing as a strong man to run a race.' Nor does he speak of the high God as covering himself with light as with a garment and stretching out the heavens like a curtain. He does not use the elaboration of Isaiah, who describes the last days with glowing color: 'Moreover the light of the moon shall be as the light of the sun, and the light of the sun shall be sevenfold, as the light of seven days, in the day that the Lord bindeth up the breach of his people and healeth the stroke of their wound.' Jesus speaks of this glory with an austere simplicity: 'Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the Kingdom of their Father.' There is no more impressive figure in literature—'the righteous shall shine forth as the sun.'"

This strong condensation is shown in the Parable of the Prodigal, which is apparently derived from the Old Testament. As this writer remarks:

"The story of the Prodigal Son finds an analogue in the fourteenth of Hosea. But how different the forms of utterance! In Jesus the story is an arrow that goes straight and clear to the target. In Hosea it is a stream that wanders through green places and loiters by blossoming banks before it reaches the sea. Jesus sweeps his images out of many ancient writings; but in the fire of his imagination they are all fused into a beautiful and artistic whole. Here is the wandered child come back from the empty husks that he took for happiness. Here is the poet's theology, and the poet's way of telling it. How simple its message, how sweet its humanity!"

The image of the lost sheep, we are told, is adopted and nsed with equal intensity of expression and directness of narrative. To quote:

"In Ezekiel, we have the promise that the wandered sheep shall be delivered out of all places where they have been 'scattered in the cloudy and dark day.' They shall be brought to their own land and fed 'upon the mountains of Israel, by the rivers.' The promise goes eloquently on, catching up a hundred idyllic and poetic details. Jesus condenses all this into the straight-going parable of one lost sheep. All the overplus is swept away, and the crux of it all is struck into relief with a few words that live forever in the memory of men."

Nor is the poetry of Jesus lacking in features of terrific majesty, observes this writer, and he proceeds as follows:

"There is sometimes in the words of Jesus a terrific majesty of utterance. Recall him in that fateful hour in the Temple, overthrowing the tables of the money-changers, replying to scribe and Pharisee and Sadducee who take counsel how they may ensnare him in his talk. He is not now the young prophet with the mild eyes, the soft, serious words: he is not the Lamb, but the Lion, of God. The thunders of a mighty poetry are in his words as he hurls his seven denunciations against the hypocrites. In one breath they are 'whited sepulchers'; in the next they are 'serpents, offspring of vipers,' that shall not escape the judgment of hell."

High poetic seriousness and dignified compression characterize the terms in which Jesus speaks of the end of the world and the final judgment. To quote further:

"Jesus never touches the thought of the end of the world save with words colored with high poetic seriousness. In His parable of the sheep and the goats we have a dramatic compression of our earthly life into a brief spectacle of judgment. We see the two multitudes, one passing to the right hand and the other to the left hand of the King. Nothing in all poetry surpasses the dignity and humanity of this little drama."

The Second Advent is depicted with unexampled poetic splendor, adds Mr. Markham. Thus:

"The story of the coming of the Son of Man in the last days is all one rapid outline of a vast poem of pity and terror. The Son of Man shall appear—not from an humble manger, for he shall come as 'the lightning that lighteneth out of one part under heaven shineth unto the other part under heaven.' No hero of romantic story was ever described with such poetic splendor."

In a few brief strokes Jesus outlines the immense drama of the world's final destruction, and the solemn and awful separations which shall then take place. The writer emphasizes this point in the following terms:

"The destruction of the world order, following on his coming, is also pictured in terrific images. It shall be like the all-destroying flood of Noah that swept cities and peoples to their doom. It shall be like the destruction of the loose-living and easy-going people of Sodom when fire and brimstone rained from heaven. All terrible is the ruin waiting to rush upon this self-seeking world of men. In that day of reckoning let no one seek to save any worldly goods. Solemn and awful will be the separations: 'There shall be two men in a bed: one shall be taken and the other left. Two women shall be grinding together; one shall be taken and the other left. Two men shall be in the field: one shall be taken and the other left.'' And in that day shall the righteous shine forth 'as the sun in the Kingdom of the Father.' Here are figures of

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impressive simplicity and beauty. So passes before us in a few brief strong strokes the outlines of an immense drama that dwarfs every other drama of time to a mere tumult of ants in the corner of a forgotten field."

A REMARKABLE CHURCH-UNION SUGGESTION.

CANON HENSLEY HENSON, of Westminster Abbey, whose radical views in regard to many cherished theological doctrines have stirred up wide discussion in the religious press, contributes a new suggestion to the problem of Church reunion in England. Instead of Disestablishment as the first step toward union, Canon Henson advocates such an extension of the principle of Establishment as would result in a State Church including all denominations. The men of the English laity, he asserts, ridicule in their hearts the doctrine of Apostolic Succession. He also thinks that the Act of Uniformity should be repealed as "a barrier to the free actions of Anglicans in their treatment of their fellow-Christians." He does not believe in Disestablishment, which Nonconformists sometimes exalt into an article of faith. What is wanted is a fuller and worthier Establishment. Disestablishment would not bring English churchmen nearer to Nonconformists, he says, writing in *The Christian World* (London). To quote:

"Nothing is more certain than that the mass of the English laity hold in contempt the doctrine of Apostolic Succession, which has been disproved by the most respected of the English bishops, and is known to be disallowed by the ablest of the clergy, always excepting the members of the Sacerdotalist Faction, which on other grounds is sufficiently distrusted by English folk. Few steps more important could be taken in the direction of home reunion than that which will have been taken when Parliament cleanses the statute-book of the last relic of the Caroline Penal Code, by repealing the Act of Uniformity in so far as it is a barrier to the free action of Anglicans in their treatment of fellow-Christians."

He continues by saying that as the Jesuits for political purposes exalted the temporal power of the Pope, so the English Nonconformist holds that the other bodies could be benefited by the loss to the Church of England of her prestige and statutory position. He declares:

"What Apostolic Succession is on the Anglican side, that Disestablishment is on the Nonconformist. It is curious to observe how the less spiritually minded Nonconformists strive to exalt Disestablishment into an article of faith. I am reminded of nothing so much as the policy of the Jesuits with respect to the question of the Pope's temporal power. In both cases there is a political issue raised by the ardor of faction to the first religious importance. Clear the fiction of Apostolic Succession out of the way and Establishment will be no barrier to reunion. Leave that fiction paramount in the minds of the English clergy, and Disestablishment will only give freer play to the intolerance it inevitably generates. The deeper forces of our time are not moving in the direction of that severe individualism which would reduce the action and responsibility of the State to the lowest measures; rather we move toward a larger view of State action and State responsibility."

Why should the State, he asks, refuse to extend the principle of Establishment and make a fuller and worthier State Church by including all denominations? He says:

"The logical goal of modern tendencies is not toward Disestablishment, but toward a fuller and worthier Establishment. Why should not the nation draw into its service all the organized Christianity of the country instead of limiting itself to a single denomination? I rejoice to observe a beginning made in this direction by recent legislation, which has recognized for certain civic purposes the status of Nonconformist clergymen, and I would venture to hope that the final solution of the problem of religious education in the State schools may be reached by an extension of the principle of Establishment."

A Disestablished Church in England, he continues, would be a church of the extreme Sacerdotalists, and the fatal doctrine of Apostolic Succession would be more and more impressed upon the laity, with all its narrowing influence. In his own words:

"It is, I believe, a delusion to suppose that the Disestablished Church would incline to better relations with the Nonconformists. Not to speak of the extreme bitterness which would have been generated by what could not but be a prolonged political conflict, and the wound inflicted by the Nonconformist victory on the deepest feelings of English Churchmen, it appears to me to be evident that the management of the Disestablished Church would probably fall into the hands of the well-organized faction which is pressing forward the movement for ecclesiastical autonomy, and has already committed the major part of the bishops to a project of 'Church reform' which is built on the extreme Episcopalian theory."

The teaching of religion in public schools is another question upon which divided opinion has done much to hinder reunion. This question once amicably settled, union would be brought nearer. He declares:

"If, even at the eleventh hour, more temperate counsels could prevail, and a resettlement of the educational difficulty could be arrived at by the combined efforts of the just and peace-loving men on both sides, it does not seem to me impossible that the cause of home reunion should receive a great impetus from this very educational conflict, which, for the moment, seems to put back by at least twenty-five years the hands of the clock which were slowly, very slowly, climbing toward union."

THE TORREY-ALEXANDER MISSION CRITICIZED.

NOW that the Torrey-Alexander Mission is about to begin its work in this country, after two and a half years of remarkable revival meetings in Australasia and in England, it is desirable, suggests the New York *Outlook*, for ministers and churches to acquaint themselves beforehand with its character and the prospects it offers of usefulness. While praising Dr. Torrey for "his devotion to his work, his courage of conviction, his resoluteness of purpose, his directness of address, and his real faith in the spiritual presence of the living Christ," *The Outlook* criticizes "his sensational methods, his conventional phrases, his literalism in interpretation, and his materialized conceptions of the Kingdom of God." This criticism is based upon Mr. George T. Davis's eulogistic book, "Torrey and Alexander: The Story of a World-wide Revival." Mr. Davis's book records the numbers that attended the meetings and that "confessed Christ," but makes no reference to the practical effects of the mission upon the churches and upon the saloons. Says *The Outlook:*

"Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander have conducted a series of remarkable meetings, and they have been characterized by great emotional interest; but what has been their permanent ethical effect?

"Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander are the successors of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey. The one preaches, the other sings. Dr. Torrey's education has been greatly superior to that of Mr. Moody. He is a graduate of Yale and has studied theology in Germany. It is stated that he at first accepted the new theology and the new criticism—how understandingly is not made clear—and that he has now rejected them both. But he has done so, not to move on to a more mystical faith, but to come back to one more traditional, conventional, literalistic. 'I preach,' he says, 'the whole Bible from cover to cover. I accept everything; except nothing. I preach the power of the Blood of Jesus Christ to save—the doctrine of the atonement. I preach the personality of the Holy Spirit. I preach the power of prayer.'"

What Dr. Torrey means by the power of prayer, says *The Outlook*, is illustrated by the following incident, narrated by Mr. Davis with unmistakable approval, in the life of Dr. Torrey's associate, Mr. Alexander:

"I prayed the Lord that he would help me choose a good suit of clothes, and lead me to the right pattern. I was asking him to

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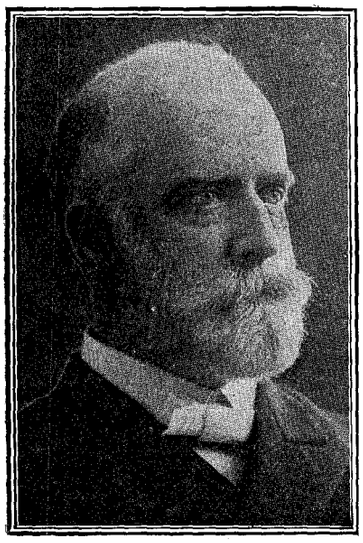
take the lead in the least little detail of my every-day life as I had never done before. We went through the rolls of cloth, and, of course, my eye settled on the best roll in the lot. I enquired its price. The tailor said, 'A suit in that cloth would be $40.' I said, 'Then it's no use talking about that one.' We went along, and each piece of cloth seemed to be unsuitable, and finally the man turned to me and said, 'You liked that first piece better than any, didn't you?' I said, 'Yes.' 'Well,' he said, 'there was a man came in here and had a suit made of that cloth, but it didn't quite fit him, and he was not pleased with it. It is a new suit—never been worn. If it should fit you, I will let you have it for $18.' We tried it on, and it fitted me exactly, with the exception that the trousers had to be shortened a little; so I had $2 left for ties and collars. Thus I learned a lesson that I have never forgotten—that God answers prayer for temporal things as well as for things spiritual."

This incident is selected by *The Outlook* "because it illustrates the supreme objection that devout souls feel for the Torrey-Alexander movement." Of this objection we read:

"It is not that this experience is one of too great faith. It lacks faith; assumes that full-grown men are four-year-old children who have to be fitted to their clothes by God. It is not that it assumes that God can and sometimes does give material blessings in answer to prayer. But it puts the emphasis on material things, and so develops or tends to develop an unmanly, undivine, irresponsible character, and a low, material, unspiritual, and almost sordid conception of religious experience. . . . . .



REV. R. A. TORREY, D.D.

During the last two and a half years the Torrey-Alexander revival meetings in Australasia and England have been attracting wide attention.

"It is right to state thus clearly and distinctly, tho in no hostile spirit, the objections that have led many spiritually minded men and women to feel a protest against the Torrey-Alexander Mission which they have often been reluctant to utter. They object not chiefly that its methods often violate good taste, nor that its theology often antagonizes the reason. Their chief objection is neither rationalistic nor esthetic, but spiritual. They object to any religious ministry which substitutes conventional phrases for spiritual realities; which regards belief in the inerrancy of a book as equivalent to a living faith in the living truths of which that book is an interpreter; which treats redemption as getting out of hell into heaven—that is, out of horrible pain into celestial pleasure; which teaches any man to think himself 'saved' unless his character is transformed; which recognizes any other test of that transformation than Christ's test, 'By their fruits ye shall know them'; which puts any value whatever on great meetings and waves of emotional excitement, except as they lead to higher and holier living; which honors as religious any experiences unless they leave behind them the churches strengthened, the sources and springs of vice weakened, and higher standards of honesty in business, public spirit in politics, purity in society, and love in the home. In short, literalism, conventionalism, and emotionalism are not the marks of the Christian religion. In so far as they characterize any movement, that movement is not toward the Kingdom of Christ."

On the other hand, says *The Outlook*, the counsel which Dr. Torrey is reported as giving to converts "would be good counsel for any pastor to give in any church." It is as follows:

"Keep looking on Jesus. If you are puzzled what to do, look at Jesus and think what He would do.

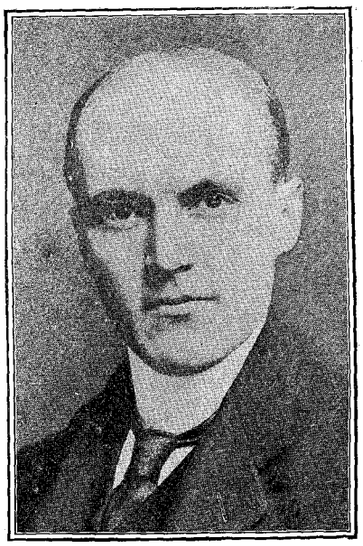
"Keep confessing Jesus. Show whose side you are on at your own church or chapel, in your office—everywhere.

"Keep studying your Bible—at least fifteen minutes every day.

"Keep praying. Take plenty of time to pray.

"Go to work. The more you work for Christ the more you will enjoy it.

"Find some church, chapel, mission, or assembly, and join it. And be faithful to it."



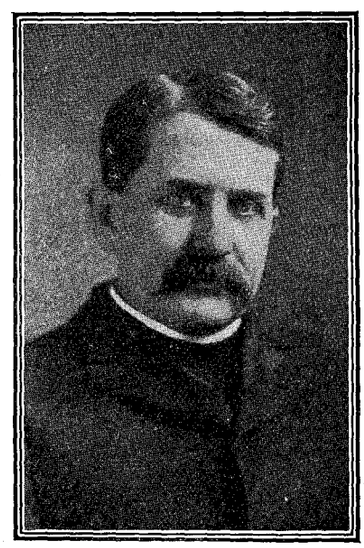
CHARLES M. ALEXANDER.

"Dr. Torrey and Mr. Alexander are the successors of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey."

"The phraseology of this exhortation is conventional," remarks *The Outlook*, "but the spirit is sincere, the appeal is direct, the underlying doctrine is spiritually true, and the counsel is practical and wise." If this message, continues the writer, were accompanied by "a rational theology, a spiritual faith, and a direct application of truth to character and conduct," it might be welcomed as a powerful agent for the higher life in America. But Mr. Davis's book leads *The Outlook* to believe that these important accompaniments are lacking.

THE FINAL TEST OF CHRISTIANITY.

WE have as many moral standards as there are varieties of pursuits and professions among men, and the chief moral demand of the age upon the Christian Church and the Christian believer is a demand for the integration of the common conscience. These assertions are made by the Rev. Charles D. Williams, dean of Trinity Cathedral, Cleveland, in an article published in *McClure's Magazine* (December). Explaining his contention, the writer goes on to say that "we are often 'long' on theological orthodoxy and ecclesiastical propriety, and excessively 'short' on commercial integrity and political morality," with the consequence that our moral gait is halting. Our great need is "the unification and integration of a divided and disintegrated conscience"; and the achievement of this integration, he adds, is the supreme problem before Christianity to-day. In illustration he cites "the appalling revelations made in the last few years both in our periodical and also in our more permanent literature; exposures of commercial and political iniquity and civic unrighteousness." We read further:



REV. CHARLES D. WILLIAMS.

The great problem before Christianity to-day, he says, is the integration of the common conscience.

"There are stories of some of our gigantic business enterprises

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which have climbed to dizzy heights of unprecedented financial power. And they have done it by deliberate policies of commercial assassination, by ruthlessly crowding to the wall, both by fair means and oftener by foul, all honest competitors. . . . There is solemn perjury committed before courts of justice and investigating committees. Stocks are manipulated with diabolical ingenuity to the fleecing of the innocent and the ruin of the honest investor. There is not wanting evidence of crimes against persons, against individual rights of 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' There are indirect evasions and overt fractures not merely of the moral law, but of the common statutes of the State and nation; and there are great legal firms who deliberately prostitute the brilliant abilities and accumulated knowledge which should be consecrated to the maintenance of justice among men, to the defense of such iniquitous injustice. These are the real anarchists who are chiefly to be feared to-day, who threaten most seriously to overturn the very foundations of law and order among us.

"And yet who are they who do these things? They are often gentlemen who are scrupulously correct in their personal behavior. As to the minor morals, they are temperate, sober, and chaste. They are good husbands, kind fathers. Their home life is above reproach. They are often kind and considerate neighbors. They pay their debts and fulfil their personal obligations to their friends. They scorn a lie where no business interest is at stake. They are interested actively in all civic improvements of a material sort. They give munificently to all movements for human betterment that do not interfere with their commercial schemes. They found hospitals, schools, and social settlements. They build libraries and universities. They are even orthodox, pious, and devoted in their religious life."

What is the secret of this strange ethical inconsistency, this moral contradiction? Mr. Williams answers:

"It seems to me to lie in a lack of moral coordination, a divided and disintegrated conscience. These men have attained and fulfilled their ideals of morality in their personal conduct and relationships and their technically religious life. In these regions they exercise and exhaust their conscience. But in their commercial relations and business life they have no standards whatsoever. Here they are morally color-blind. They see no distinctions of right and wrong. They are for the most part utterly unconscious of the flagrant iniquity of their doings. For here in this region of commercial life, the writs of Christ do not run. Even common conscience and the moral law have no jurisdiction. 'The accepted rules of the game' are a sufficient code of ethics. There is a hopeless cleavage, a bridgeless gulf through the midst of their lives."

The paramount ethical business of the Christian Church to-day, the writer urges, is "to let the Christian conscience out of the narrow limitations where we too often confine it, and give it its rightful sway over the whole common life of man." He continues:

"The Church is to teach men to do business and to vote as they pray, in the fear of God; to go to the polls or the legislative halls as they go to the sacrament, in the fear of God. . . . . .

"More than this, she is to sound in the ears of her young men of this generation, young men who are always ready to answer the call to chivalrous action and even sacrifice, young men who still 'dream dreams and see visions,' she is to sound in the ears of these young men the call to righteous political and honest commercial careers and make that call as holy and imperative as the call to her ministry. There is no holier or higher sphere to-day for the best service of God and humanity for the consecrated man, the man of the highest principles and most delicately sensitive conscience, in other words, the most truly religious and Christian man, than this same sphere of business and even politics. And there is none that is apter, if a man be true to his principles, to develop the strongest and noblest character, the finest heroism, the truest sainthood. These are the new quests for the new knights of to-day, infinitely better than a crusade for the rescue of the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of the infidel. . . . . .

"Here then lies the searching and final test of our modern Christianity. Can it produce such men to-day? If it can and will, it shall prove itself to the conscience and mind of to-day 'the power of God unto salvation.' If it can not or will not, it must perish, whatever arguments may be alleged as to its authenticity and authority. In every age it has produced the saint who met the needs of that age. Can it produce to-day the type of Christian who shall meet the needs of this age; the man of open mind and yet reverent faith, of intellectual hospitality and spiritual insight; the man of large heart with room for all that is human; and the man of solid conscience who rings true wherever you strike him, in whatever region or plane of his life?"

COMMUNISM AND THE BIBLE.

"THE relation of Christianity to communism has become a question for thoughtful people to consider seriously, if they wish to preserve their intellectual candor and self-respect in adhering to the religion of Jesus." This statement is made by Prof. Henry Van Dyke in his new volume of "Essays in Application." The new type of communist, he says, is more insidious than the old because, having "laid aside the red cap and put on the white cravat," he "discusses the problem of organization of society on ethical and religious grounds." The law of private ownership the communist denounces as "essentially immoral and irreligious, because it protects and rewards a form of selfishness." He further claims that "the teachings of the Bible are against it, and that the spirit of Jesus, who was really a great Socialist, is altogether in favor of common ownership." Entertaining the contention for the sake of its implied conclusion the writer states that:

"If property is theft, according to the teachings of Jesus, then the Church itself, like the Temple of old, has become a den of thieves. If the animus of the New Testament is distinctly communistic, then every honest Christian is bound either to give up his faith in the Holy Scripture or to obey its doctrine not only to the letter, but in the spirit, and to work with those who are seeking to establish a new order of society in which private possessions shall be unknown."

The writer admits two cases possible of citation to prove that the Bible has at least a partial leaning toward the communistic theory. They are the Hebrew Year of Jubilee, "which is used as an argument for the nationalization of the land"; and the example of the members of the early Church at Jerusalem who "were together and had all things in common; and sold their possessions and goods, and parted them all, as every man had need." Considering these two cases, however, Dr. Van Dyke asserts of the first that "looking at the Year of Jubilee as a possible model for legislation in our times, we see that it was simply an iron-clad law of entail, more rigid than England has ever known"; and the early Church "was a fraternal stock company for mutual aid and protection." The Old Testament, he declares, holds out scanty encouragement to the advocates of communism. The Gospels seem to contain even less. He writes:

"There was a man in Bethany named Lazarus, who had a house in which he sheltered the Christ whom the community had rejected. There was a man named Zaccheus, who was rich and who entertained Jesus at his own house. Is there any suggestion that the Master disapproved of these property owners? There was a man named Joseph of Arimathea, who had a garden and a new sepulcher in which he made a quiet resting place for the body of Him whom the people had despised and crucified. Was he a selfish robber?

"Christianity never would have found a foothold in the world, never would have survived the storms of early persecution, had it not been sheltered in its infancy by the rights of private property, which are founded in justice, and therefore are respected by all lovers of righteousness, Christian or heathen. It is difficult to see how the religion of Jesus could have sanctioned these rights more emphatically than by using them for its own most holy purpose."

More emphatically still, the writer declares his belief in the antinomy that exists between the communistic creed and the doctrine of the Bible, and especially that assertion which declares that Christ was at heart a communist. He says:

"There is a fundamental and absolute difference between the doctrine of the Bible and the doctrine of communism. The Bible tells me that I must deal my bread to the hungry; communism tells the hungry that he may take it for himself. The Bible teaches that it is a sin to covet; communism says that it is the new virtue which is to regenerate society."

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FOREIGN COMMENT.

WILL WITTE SUCCEED?

COUNT WITTE'S effort to establish a constitutional government, while avoiding a revolutionary uprising, and at the same time keeping favor with the Czar, his master, and the bureaucrats, is one of the most interesting spectacles now contemplated by the European press, and few of them would be surprised to hear of his resignation any day. In spite of his great talents, he is not trusted by the Zemstvoists, who will not furnish men to take office under him. Some papers say that owing to what the London *Standard* calls the "tragical alienation of the people from Count Witte and his Cabinet," he is doomed to failure. The *Gaulois* (Paris) declares on the contrary:

"It was plain that Count Witte might have some reason for being discouraged. But it would show little knowledge of his character as a 'hustler' to think him capable of abandoning the difficult task he has undertaken without playing his hand through, and risking every trump he holds. Nor in the present predicament must we mistake a crisis for a tragic dénouement."

THE LIBERAL PRINCE OBOLENSKY,

Who takes Pobiedonostseff's place as Procurator-General of the Holy Synod. He is trying to stop the massacres of the Jews and Liberals.

The London *Spectator* has no very high idea of Witte, but after saying as much it adds somewhat loftily:

"It is not easy to watch Count Witte's struggles without a sensation of deep pity for his position. It is so nearly an impossible one."

The only way, says the *National Zeitung* (Berlin), by which Russia may be rescued from her present plight is by Witte's success in marshaling shoulder to shoulder the forces of Government and people. So far Count Witte has not been able to induce the Zemstvoists to enter his Cabinet, and the *Berliner Tageblatt* says that he "will have to be content with a 'scratch Cabinet' of bureaucrats." The *Figaro* (Paris) shows some little surprise that the Moderate Liberals of the Zemstvo congress did not accept his offers of portfolios, yet some, we are told, declined pointblank. Others made various excuses for declining to join the Ministry, and one actually stated that he doubted Witte's intentions on the question of universal suffrage. This distrust of Witte was manifested at the recent meeting of the Zemstvo delegates at Moscow, where, according to *Liberté* (Paris), "the Congress showed a disposition to support Count Witte in his attempt to carry out the manifesto of October 30—but only on condition that the manifesto should be put into action completely, loyally, and promptly." The London *Standard* says of the Zemstvoists' hesitating action, that it is only natural that they should cherish misgivings as to the simple ardor of the Count's democratic faith. The *Neue Freie Presse* (Vienna) thinks that the Premier's hands have been tied in the carrying out of the manifesto, by this refusal of the Zemstvoists to give him for the most important position in his ministry the assistance of "men popular and trusted by the country." The oldest Liberal paper in Russia, the *Russkiya Viedomosti* (St. Petersburg), is of opinion that Witte had no power to give pledges which he could unconditionally keep, and adds, under these circumstances what help could the Zemstvoists render?

The *Européen* (Paris) is distrustful of the Russian Prime-Minister's honesty. He is really no sincere reformer, it says, but an intriguer and an opportunist. It describes him as a trained and hardened Machiavellian, and remarks that you can not teach old dogs new tricks.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SAKHAROFF,

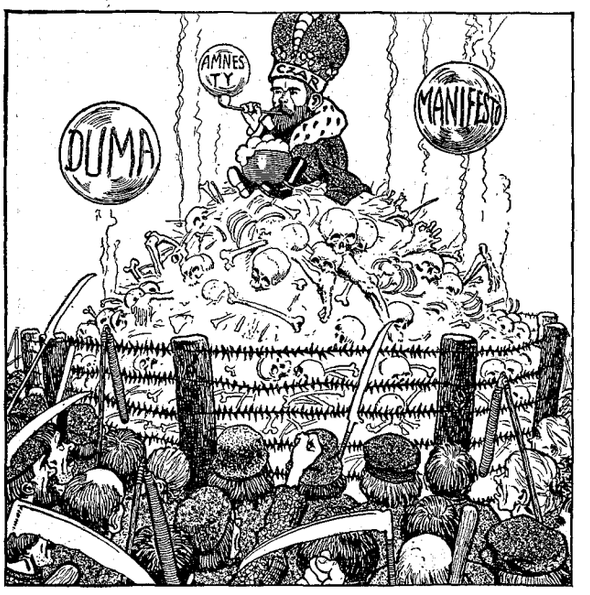
Assassinated by a woman at Saratoff, whither he had gone with a force of Cossacks to "pacify" the province. Frightful stories of his merciless cruelty are told, and a despatch from St. Petersburg says that public sentiment tacitly approves the assassination.

Speaking of the manifestos and *communiqués* of the Russian Government the *Statist* (London) declares that Count Witte's Government is trifling with the Reformers and "does not give anything reliable in its numerous *communiqués*. Most of these are vague and unintelligible, others constitute an outrage to common sense."

A despatch from St. Petersburg to the London *Times* announces: "Matters are drifting rapidly into complete anarchy. Count Witte is quite powerless to stem the tide." This is confirmed by Arthur Levyson, who writes in the *Berliner Tageblatt* as follows:

"The insurrections and Jewish massacres in the center and south of the Czar's empire, the sporadic outbreaks in the Caucasus, the nationalistic movements in Poland and Finland, and the bloody military and naval mutinies in Cronstadt are unmistakable symptoms of social and political disruption and dissolution, against whose advances Count Witte has inaugurated a redressive policy which so far has proved utterly powerless."

The Outlook (London) thinks that Count Witte is unfitted for



NICHOLAS AND HIS PEOPLE.

—*Wahre Jacob* (Stuttgart).

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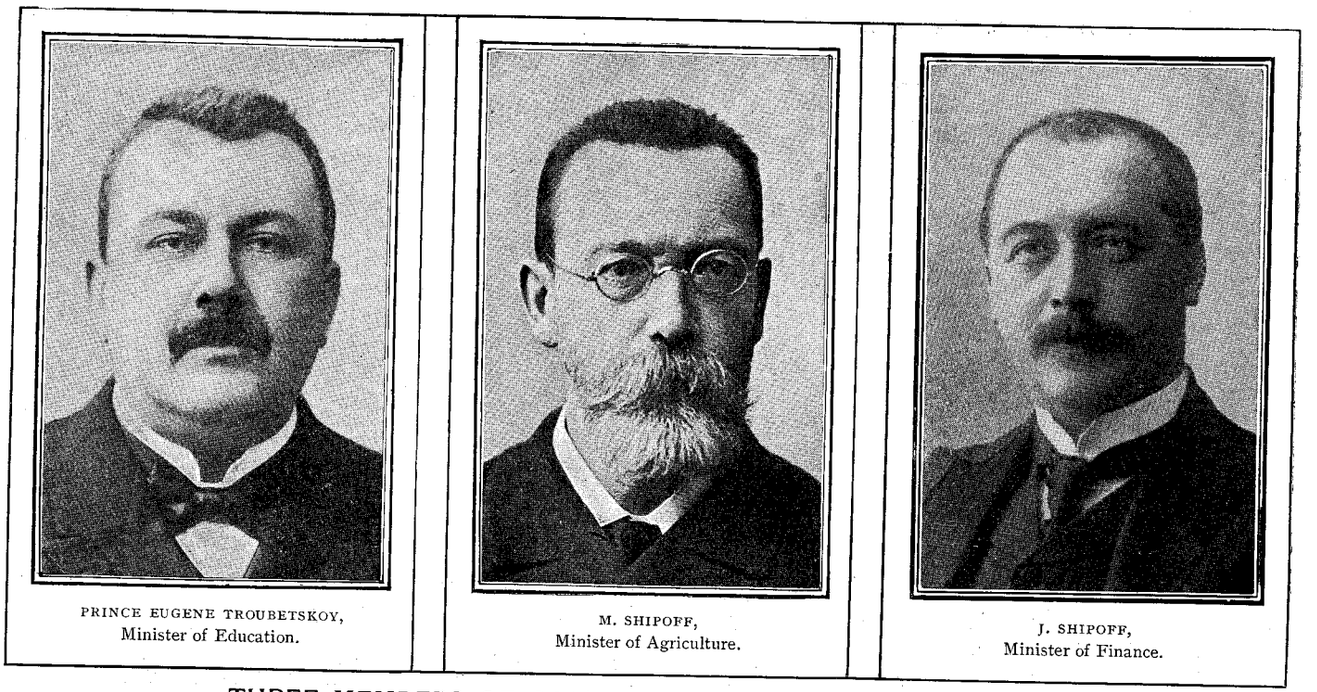

PRINCE EUGENE TROUBETSKOY, Minister of Education.

M. SHIPOFF, Minister of Agriculture.

J. SHIPOFF, Minister of Finance.

THREE MEMBERS OF COUNT WITTE'S TOTTERING CABINET.

his complicated task, and is doomed to failure, and says: "Frankly, we believe the task to be beyond Count Witte's capacities or any one else's."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

THE CHANGE IN THE FRENCH PRESIDENCY.

ACCORDING to certain sections of the French press, the discussion of candidates to succeed retiring President Loubet, two months before the election, is considered slightly improper. They tell us that as the President of the French Republic is elected by the National Assembly, composed of all members of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies, it can scarcely be called a national matter, and the newspapers and political agitators are wrong in trying to raise in the public mind a preference for some individual candidate which they may impress upon the National Assembly and so, practically, dictate the election.

In the meanwhile there is much discussion about Mr. Loubet's reelection. That he is a popular favorite and has been a successful administrator is admitted on all sides. Perhaps the fullest proof of this is shown in a notable article in the *Temps* (Paris), which sets out to show what sort of a man the President of the French Republic ought to be, and in the portraiture gives a list of qualities which exactly combine to represent Mr. Loubet. He is to be ripe in years, but not an old man. He must be robust in health and active; must be a self-made man, and must appear in the shop-window photographs with his wife and children. We are to suppose he would graft roses in the gardens of the Elysée and remind us of Cincinnatus. He need not be a savant in order to encourage science and learning, and even his printed speeches had better be written by others. He must, finally, be cheerful in countenance, and always ready with a smile. Altho it is by no means necessary that he should possess natural elegance of form or address, he must wear a high hat, and be a fair shot. Mr. Loubet

GIVING LIBERTY IN RUSSIA.
NICHOLAS—"Stop! Stop! I'll grant you a constitution."
—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

RUSSIAN PROMISES.
WITTE (raising his hands)—"To think that I should have promised them safety from attack!"
—*Ploh* (Vienna).

THE LAND OF PROMISE[S].

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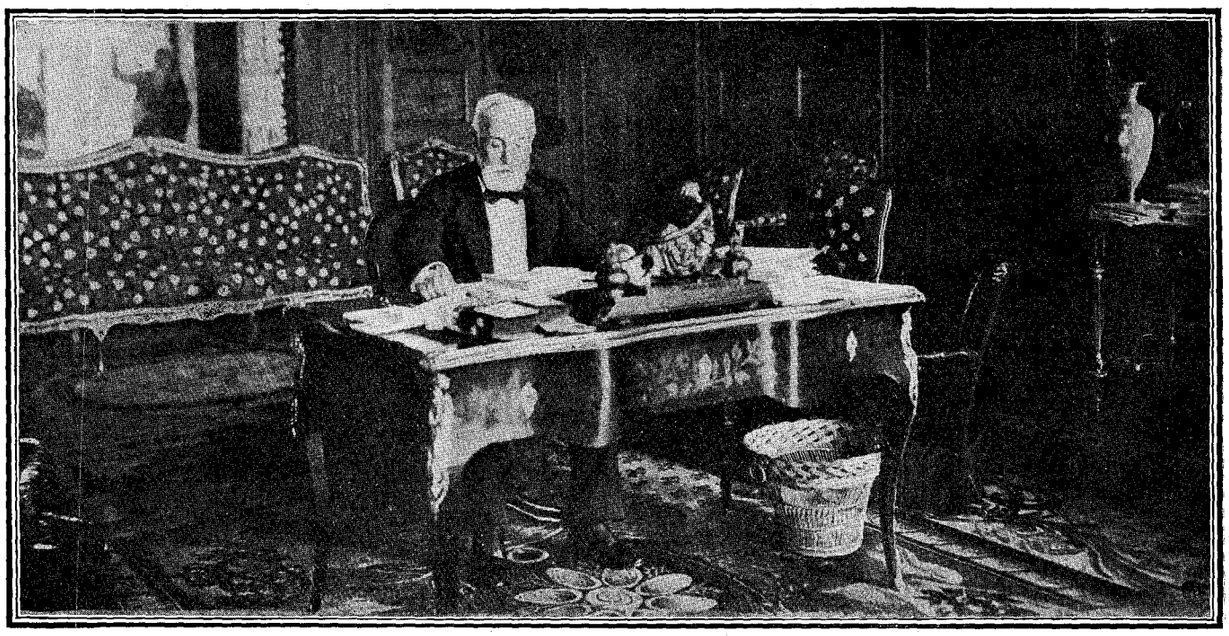

PRESIDENT LOUBET IN HIS OFFICE AT THE ELYSÉE, PARIS.

has declared, however, according to the important Parisian journal just quoted, that his retirement will be final. The *Radical de la Drôme*, published in Moutélimar, the President's native town, declares that if Mr. Loubet is reelected he will only hold the office until June, when the election of the legislative bodies will be over, and a new National Assembly will be ready to choose his successor. The *Patrie* (Paris) speaks as if Mr. Loubet's declarations of weariness with political life, of his wish to retire to Moutélimar and be mayor of that little city (as reported by a correspondent of the London *Express*), are not sincere.

On the contrary, the *Intransigeant* (Paris) expresses a conviction that the present head of the Administration is bent on retiring. Several well-informed papers, however, accept as true the statement in the *Radical de la Drôme*.

Other candidates are being spoken of, and especially Mr. Doumer, president of the Chamber of Deputies, a very able man, who is supported by the Clericals and Monarchists. But while the *Gil Blas* (Paris) criticizes this statesman for trying to make the election a national, instead of a merely parliamentary matter, it adds that the Republicans are keeping quiet with the intention of defeating Mr. Doumer and running in "a dark horse."

The Radical Jaurés supports the reelection of President Loubet in order to defeat Mr. Doumer, says the *Eclair*, quoted above. Of Mr. Doumer's candidature Mr. Jaurés says in the *Avantgarde* (Paris) that:

"Mr. Doumer's succession to power as President of the Republic would be the greatest of calamities and the greatest of crimes."

In opposing Mr. Doumer old foes are united, for Mr. Clemenceau, in the *Aurore* (Paris), reechoes the sentiments of the pacifist Jaurés, whom he is generally in the habit of making an object of bitter attack. Speaking of Mr. Doumer and his supporters, the Clericalists and Monarchists, he exclaims:

"This is the hour of sham Cæsars, and shoddy Napoleons. The consequences of Mr. Doumer's election would be a revival of civil Boulangism, under the auspices of an adventurer behind whom

WITH HIS WIFE AND FAMILY.

"TAKE ME WHILE I AM PLUCKING THIS ROSE."

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all the circles of clericalism and monarchism would range themselves. Genuine Republicans will not delay their measures of defense until it be too late."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

THE FATE OF POLAND.

"WHAT in the world has England to do with Poland?" asks the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten*, apropos of certain despatches in the London *Times* in which charges are made against Count Witte, to the effect that he is not doing Poland justice. All the newspapers of Paris and London, says this paper, seem to have false impressions with regard to Russian policy in Poland. Witte is credited with attempting to form a Panslavic confederation against Poland in insurrection; with the implication that the Poles are really aiming at independence, not merely at autonomy. French papers accuse the Kaiser of offering to cross the western frontier and march to the Czar's assistance in Warsaw.

According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Daily News*, the present commotions in Poland originate in "the difficulty of drawing a line between Separatist aspirations in Poland and the idea of Polish autonomy, which . . . is obviously directed toward the complete administrative and legislative separation of Poland from the Empire." This difficulty is best pointed out by a writer in the London *Spectator*, who says that Poland has mistaken and presumed upon the Czar's manifestoes. To quote:

"The conciliatory spirit of the Czar's latest manifestoes, announcing a liberal grant of reforms to his Russian subjects and a large measure of autonomy to Finland, has been mistaken in Poland, as well as in other malicious quarters, for a surrender of the Government to *force majeure*. The spontaneous reinstatement of Finland in her ancient constitutional rights and privileges, coinciding with an acute stage in her political agitation, has apparently reawakened the aspirations of the Nationalists in Poland."

Count Witte's course is justified by the same writer in the following terms:

"The Count explained the other day to a deputation of Polish delegates the present state of affairs in Poland, adding that he was quite acquainted with the real condition of the country. The state of siege could not be abolished, he said, as Poland was in a condition of revolt, and if the present disturbances continued the state of siege would be extended to the whole of Russian Poland. Bombs had been thrown by the people in Poland, and the police officials had been shot down like partridges. He was always well disposed toward Poland, and would see that reforms set forth in the Emperor's manifesto of October 30 were carried out."

The Russian Liberal papers all emphasize the fact that the Russian Government did not and should not promise to Poland political independence, but merely autonomy, and a reasonable degree of self-government, without forfeiting the rights of a sovereign State. In the following words of the *Russ* (St. Petersburg) this view is clearly stated:

"It is our duty to give to Poland full rights of independence both in the matter of education and self-government, so that the Polish nation may develop its resources without restriction. By this we in no way mean that we intend to surrender a single guaranty of imperial unity and integrity or to take one step toward realizing the dreams of extreme nationalists, by complete separation."

This writer goes on to say that any other course would destroy the good feeling between Poland and Russia, and be contrary to the wishes of most Poles, who have practical and not chimerical views about their country's future.

A strong and scientific confirmation is given to this aspect of the case by the brilliant Polish writer and publicist Zakowski, who urges upon his fellow countrymen the necessity of a policy of mutual advantage in his brochure "The Policy of Interests." He avers it would be suicidal for Poland to separate from Russia. He says that "the material interests of the nation have dictated for thirty years the famous program of peace and submission; the material needs of Poland of to-day demand a policy of action," *i.e.*, a policy of mutual cooperation between Russia and Poland. The industries of Poland are supported by 500,000,000 Russian rubles; the loss of Russian capital and the Russian market, the competition of Germany, "would bring ruin on the nation." Mr. Zakowski concludes:

"Our nation can not exist as a social mechanism in a condition of independence. Our economic life is like a building whose roof is supported by the walls of our two neighbors' houses. It is absolutely necessary to preserve the territorial *status quo* with Russia, which will also ensure the custom regulations which keep us safe from competition on the side of Germany."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

BOULANGISM IN HUNGARY.

THE spirit of Boulanger is alive in Hungary, vain, restless, boastful, and utopian in its dreams, says Mr. A. de Bertha in *La Revue Diplomatique* (Paris). "The more we think over the Hungarian crisis," the more plainly we discern there the same pose, the same feeling, the same strut that characterized the French general "of tragicomical memory!" We read:

"If there are four or five chiefs of the 'coalized opposition ministry' who, taken together, represent the personality of General Boulanger, we do not mean to imply that each of them is his inferior, or that they have to be taken all together in order to furnish an equivalent to him. Count Andrassy, Count Albert Apponyi, Count Zichy, Baron Banffy, and Mr. Francis Kossuth have literary and oratorical gifts and qualities which excel those of Mme. de Bonnemain's unfortunate lover. Instead of the famous black horse they have stables full of thoroughbreds, and if they have not at their disposal the prestige of a uniform, they can wear the national costume of Hungary instead."

This picturesque dress intoxicates with pride and vanity those who wear it, he continues. To quote:

"Clothed in velvet and satin, wearing on his head the fine calpac with its fine plume, shod in fancy boots of many hues, and armed with the saber of his sires, the Hungarian thinks himself invincible, listens to no voice but that of his own inner consciousness, pays no attention to the logic of mere civilians, without reflecting on the consequences of his uncompromising self-elation—such is the inevitable effect upon a man's character of the coat he is wearing!"

As Boulanger was "the champion both of the royalists and imperialists," so he was worshiped both by the conservatives and the republicans, says Mr. de Bertha, and he adds:

"If he did not know exactly what he wanted, he convinced every one that he wanted something very much. This conviction is always very satisfactory to the crowd, who are greedy for new things, dissatisfied with the present and goaded on by indefinable aspirations. But people believed that the heart of Boulanger overflowed with patriotic sentiments."

The Hungarian coalitionists, we are informed, are animated by the same irrational, vague, and exalted dreams as the Boulangists of France were. He proceeds to say:

"While these Hungarians imitate the Boulangist movement in every particular, they seem unperturbed by the recollection of how dismal was the ending of that gigantic farce. They hear nothing but the cheers in the street; capricious as they are, they live in an environment where the impression of the moment is the sole guiding influence. Instead of seeking what is still lacking in order to promote the best interests of the Hungarian people, they delude themselves with the idea that the ninety-six words of military command, pronounced in Hungarian, will prove a sort of 'Open Sesame' to Hungary, with the help of which she will at one bound cross the threshold and enter a terrestrial paradise!"

While their delusion is honest and innocent, he concludes, serious politicians had better beware of it.—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

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BEST CHRISTMAS STORY OF THE MONTH.

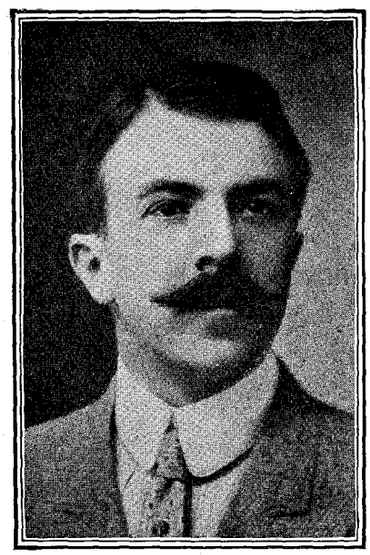
COLONEL CROCKETT'S COOPERATIVE CHRISTMAS.

By RUPERT HUGHES.

IN "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" FOR DECEMBER 2.

The Christmas stories this year, with two or three exceptions, do not take very high rank in the field of fiction. The very evident feeling of some editors, that they *must* have Christmas fiction, leads them into interesting devices to make Christmas stories out of tales that might, in the same way, be made Thanksgiving stories, or Easter stories, or Fourth of July stories, by the simple expedient of making the climaxes happen on those dates. One of the most charming stories of the season is "Beasley and the Hunchbergs," by Booth Tarkington, in *The Cosmopolitan*, and another is "The Toys," by George Hibbard, in *Harper's Bazar*. A careful survey of the Christmas fiction of the month, however, seems to show that the following story is entitled to first place.

[Of all the strange gatherings that have distinguished Madison Square Garden the strangest was probably on the occasion, last Christmas, when the now well-known Col. D. A. Crockett, of Waco, rented the vast auditorium for one thousand dollars, and threw it open to the public. As he is going to do it again this coming Christmas, an account of the con-, in- and re-ception of his scheme may interest some of the thousands who find themselves every Christmas in the Colonel's plight. My plan to describe it was frustrated by the receipt, from his wife, of three letters he wrote her. It seems only fair, then, that the author of an achievement which is likely to become an institution should be allowed to be the author of its history. I shall, therefore, content myself with publishing verbatim two of the Colonel's own letters.—RUPERT HUGHES.]



MR. RUPERT HUGHES,

Author of "Colonel Crockett's Cooperative Christmas."

NEW YORK, N. Y., Dec. 26, 1903.

FRIEND WIFE:

The miserablest night I ever spent in all my born days—the solitariest, with no seconds—was sure this identical Christmas night in New York city. And I've been some lonesome, too, in my time.

I've told you how, as a boy, I shipped before the mast—the wrong mast —and how the old tub bumped a reef and went down with all hands—and feet—except mine. You remember me telling how I grabbed aholt of a large wooden box and floated on to a dry spot. It knocked the wind out of my stummick considerable, but I hung on kind of unconscious till the tide went out. When I come to, I looked round to see where in Sam Hill I was at, and found I was on a little pinhead of an island about the size of a freckle would be on the moon. All around was mostly sky, excepting for what was water. And me with nothing to drink it with!

I set down hard on the box and felt as blue as all the swear words ever swore. There was nothing in sight to eat, and that made me so hungry that me and the box fell over backward. As I laid there sprawled out, with my feet up on the box, I looked between my knees and read them beautiful words, "Eat Buggins' Biscuit."

Well, me and friend Buggins inhabited that place—about as big as one of Man Friday's footprints—for going on four weeks. When tide was in, I held the box on my head to keep my powder dry. Long toward the end of my visit, just before the ship that saved me hove in sight, I began to feel a mite tired of that place. I kind o' felt as if I'd saw about all they was int'resting on that there island. I thought I was unhappy and I had a sneaking idea I was lonesome. But I see I was mistaken. I hadn't spent a Christmas night alone in a big city then.

Then once when I was prospecting for our mine, I was snowed up in a pass. I reckon I've told you how I got typhoid fever and wrestled it out all day by my lonesome; unparalleled thirst, Boston baked brains, red flannel tongue, delirium dreamins, and self-acting emetic, down to the final blissful "Where am I at?" and on through the nice long convalescence till my limbs changed from twine strings to human members. Six weeks doing time as doctor, patient, trained nurse and fellow-Mason all in one, was being alone right smart. But it wasn't a patch on the little metrolopis of Manhattan on Santy Claus day.

Then once I had a rather unrestful evening out in the western part of Texas. A fellow sold me a horse right cheap, and later a crowd of gentlemen accused me of stealing it, and I was put in jail with a promise of being lynched before breakfast. That was being uncomfortable some, too. But I wished last night that my friend, Judge Watson, hadn't come along that night and identified me. It would have saved me from New Yorkitis. Then there was the night when I proposed for your hand and you sent me to your pa, and he said if I ever come near again he'd sick the dogs on me. I spent that night at a safe distance from the dogs, leaning on a fence, and not noticing it was barb wire till I looked at my clothes and my hide next day. I watched your windows till the light went out and all my hope with it—and on after that till, as the poet says, till daylight doth appear.

Then there's the time I told you about when—but there's no use of making a catalogue of every time I've been lonesome. I have taken my pen in hand to inform you that last night beat everything else on my private list of troubles. My other lonely times was when I was alone, but the lonesomest of all was in the heart of the biggest crowd on this here continent.

There was people aplenty. But I didn't know one goldarned galoot. I had plenty of money, but nobody to spend it on—except tiptakers. I was stopping at this big hotel with lugsury spread over everything thicker than sorghum on corn pone. But lonely—why, honey, I was so lonely that, as I walked along the streets, I felt as if I'd like to break into some of the homes and compel 'em at the point of my gun to let me set in and dine with 'em.

I felt like asking one of the bellboys to take me home and get his ma give me a slice of goose and let her talk to me about her folks.

There was some four million people in a space about the size of our ranch. There was theaters to go to—but who wants to go to the theater on Christmas?—it's like going to church on the Fourth of July. There were dime muzhums, penny vawdevilles, dance-halls.

There was a big dinner for newsboys. The Salvation Army and the Volunteers gave feeds to the poor. But I couldn't qualify. I wasn't poor. I had no home, no friends, no nothing.

The streets got deserteder and deserteder. A few other wretches was marooned like me in the hotel corridors. We looked at each other like sneak-thieves patrolling the same street. Waiters glanced at us pitiful as much as to say, "If it wasn't for shrimps like you, I'd be home with my kids."

The worst of it was, I knew there were thousands of people in town in just my fix. Perhaps some of them were old friends of mine that I'd have been tickled to death to foregather with; or leastways, people from my State. Texas is a big place, but we'd have been brothers and sisters—or at least cousins once removed—for Christmas's sake.

But they were scattered around at the St. Regis or the Mills Hotel, theMartha Washington or somewhere, while I was at the Waldorf-hyphen-Astoria.

It was like the two men that Dickens—I believe it was Dickens—tells about: Somebody gives A a concertina, but he can't play on it; winter coming on and no overcoat; he can't wear the concertina any more than he can tootle it. A few blocks away is a fellow, Mr. B. He can play a concertina something grand, but he hasn't got one and his fingers itch. He spends all his ready money on a brand-new overcoat, and just then his aunt sends him another one. He thinks he'll just swap one of them overcoats for a concertina. So he advertises in an exchange column. About the same time, A advertises that he'll trade one house-broken concertina for a nice overcoat. But does either A or B ever see B's or A's advertisements? Not on your beautiful daguerreotype.

That was the way with us all in New York. The town was full of lonesome strangers, and we went moping round, stumbling over each other and not daring to speak.

They call us "transients" here. It's like a private soldier that's killed in a battle; he's only a "casualty." So us poor, homeless dogs in New York are only transients. Why, do you know, I was that lonely I could have stood out in the square like a lonely old cow out in the rain, and just mooed for somebody to take me in.

I'd have telegraphed for you and the childern to come to town, but Texas is so far away, and you'd have got here too late, and you couldn't come anyway, being sick, as you wrote me, and one of the kids having malary. How is his blessed self to-day? I hope you're feeling better. Telegraph if you ain't, and I'll take the first train home.

Well, last night I ate a horrible mockery of a Christmas dinner in a deserted restaurant, and it gave me heartburn (in addition to heartache) and a whole brood-stable of nightmares. I went to bed early, and stayed awake late.

I tried Philosophy—the next station beyond Despair. I said to myself, "You old fool, why in the name of all that's sensible should you feel so

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excited about one day more than another?" I wasn't so lonely the day before Christmas, I ain't so lonely to-day, but then I was like a small boy with the mumps and the earache on the Fourth of July. The firecracker will pop just as lively another day, but—well, the universe was simply throwed all out of gear, like it must have been when Joshua held up the moon—or was it the sun?

You remember reading me once about—I reckon it was Mr. Aldritch's pleasing idea of the last man on earth; everybody killed off by a pestilence or something, and him setting there by his lonely little lonesome; an' what would he have done if he had heard his doorbell ring? Well, I reckon he'd have done what I'd have done if I'd met a friend—given one wild whoop, wrapped his arms round his neck, kissed him on both cheeks, and died with a faint gurgle of joy.

Finally, I swore that if I ever foresaw myself being corralled again in a strange city on Christmas, I'd put on a sandwich board or something and march up and down the streets with a sign like this:

I'm lonely!
I'm homesick for a real
Christmas!
There must be others.
Let's get together!
Meet me at the Fountain
in Union Square!
We'll hang our stockings on the trees.
Perhaps some snow will fall in 'em.
Come one—Come all!
Both great and small!

I bet such a board would stir up a procession of exiles a mile long. And we'd get together and have a good crying match on each other's shoulders, while the band played Old Lang's Sign.

But it's over now. I've lived through the game of Christmas solitaire in a big city, and I feel as relieved as a man just getting out of a dentist's office. He's minus a few molars, and aches considerable, but he's full of a pleasing emptiness.

But let me say right here, and put it in black and white: If I'm ever dragged away from home again on Christmas, I'll take laughing-gas enough for a day and two nights, or I'll take some violent steps to get company, if I have to hire a cayuse and a lariat and rustle Broadway, rounding up a herd of other unbranded stray cattle.

Well, this is a long letter for me, honey, and I will close. Love and kisses to the sweet little kids and to the best wife a fellow ever had.

Your loving AUSTIN.

P.S.—I pulled off the deal all right. The syndicate buys the mine. I get $500,000 in cash and $500,000 in stock, and I start for home in three days. We'll hang up our stockings on New Year's Day.

[The Fates accepted Colonel Crockett's challenge, and, by an irresistible syndication of events, forced him to be alone in New York again the very next Christmas. After a series of masterly financial strokes, he had felt rich enough in his two millions to spend a year abroad with his family. A cablegram called him to America early in December, to a directors' meeting. Expecting to return at once, he had left his family in Italy. A legal complication kept him postponing his trip from day to day; and finally an important hearing, in which he was a valued witness, was postponed by the referee—or deferee—till after the holidays. The Colonel saw himself confronted with another Christmas far away from any of his people. The first two days he spent in violent profanity, and in declining invitations which he received from business acquaintances to share their homes. Then he set out to make the occasion memorable. Once more we may leave the account to him.]

FRIEND WIFE: NEW YORK, Dec. 28, 1904.

Well, I've been and went and gone and done it! And golly, but it was fun—barring wishing you and the little ones had 'a' been here, too. Next year we'll arrange it so, for I'm going to do it again. You remember Artemus Ward's man who "had been dead three weeks and liked it." Well, that's me. This camping out in New York is getting to be a habit. I'm send you a bundle of newspaper clippings as big as a stovepipe—all about yours truly.

As soon as I saw that circumstances had organized a pool to corner me and my Christmases, I spent a couple of days sending rain-making language. Then I settled down to work like a bronco does to harness after kicking off the dashboard and snapping a couple of traces.

"If I've got to be alone this Christmas," I says to myself, "I'll make it the gol-darnmedest, crowdedest solitude ever heard of this side of the River."

I looked for the biggest place in town under one roof. Madison Square Garden was *it*. You remember it. We was there to the Horse-Show—so-called. You recollect, I reckon, that the Garden holds a right smart lot of people. At a political meeting once they got 14,000 people into it, and there was still room for Grover Cleveland to stand and make a speech.

Well, feeling kind o' flush and recklesslike, I decided to go and see the manager, or janitor, or whatever he is. And go I went. I says to him: "Could I rent your cute little shack for one evening—Christmas Eve?"

"Certainly, sir," he says. "There happens to be nothing doing this Christmas Eve."

"How much would it set me back?" I says very polite.

"Only one thousand plunks," says he.

"But, my dear Gaston," I says with a low bow, "I don't want to buy your little Noah's Ark for the baby. I only want to borrow it for one evening."

"One thou. is our bargain-counter limit," he says. "I couldn't make it less for the poor old Czar of Rooshy."

I kind o' hesitated, remembering the time when a thousand dollars would have kept me comfortable for about three years. It's hard to get over the habit of counting your change. Then Mr. Janitor, seeing me kind o' groggy, says, a little less polite:

"If that's more than you care to pay for a single room you can get a cot for five cents on the Bowery; for a quarter you can get a whole suite."

That riled me. I flashed a wad of bills on him that made his eyes look like two automobile lamps. He could see it wasn't Confederate money, either. Then I shifted my cigar to detract attention while I swallowed my Adam's apple, and I says:

"I was only hesitating, my boy, because I wondered if your nice young Garden would be big enough. You haven't got a couple more to rent at the same price?"

He wilted and caved in like a box of ice cream does just before you get home with it. Then he began to bow lower, and we cut for a new deal.

He says what might I be wanting to use the Garden for?

"Oh, I won't bulge the walls or strain the floor," I says. "I only want it for a Christmas tree. I am going to invite my friends to a little party."

"Whew, but you must be popular!" he says. "Who the dickens are you? Brother Teddy, or Mother Eddy?"

"I'm Colonel D. Austin Crockett, of Waco," I says as meek as I could.

"Pleased to meet you, Colonel," he says. "What you running for?—District Attorney? Or are you starting a new Mutual Benefit Life Assassination?"

"Neither," I says; "I'm a stranger in New York."

"But these friends of yours?" he gasped. "Is all Waco coming up here on an excursion?"

"Mr. Prosecutor," I says, "if you'll stop cross-examining a minute, and let me tell how it all happened, it will save right smart of time. I am a stranger here to about four million people. They are strangers to me. We ought to know each other. So I'm going to give a little Madison Square Garden warming and invite 'em in."

"What are you going to sell 'em—prize poultry, or physical culture?"

"I've nothing to sell. I'm just going to entertain 'em."

"Well, I've heard of Southern hospitality," he says, "but this beats me. How much you going to charge a head?"

"Nothing. Everything is to be free. Admission included."

"Not on your dear old Lost Cause!" he exclaims. "Leastways not in our little doll's house. Not for ten thousand dollars! Why, man, do you realize that if you offered these New York, Brooklyn, Bronx, Hackensack and Hoboken folks a free show, more'n two thousand women would get trampled to death? Did you ever see a bargain-counter crowd on Twenty-third Street? Well, that's only for a chance to get something they don't want at a fishbait price. But if you offered them a free, 'take-one' chance—holy geewhiz!—I can just see it now! The Garden ain't half big enough in the first place. There's enough Take-One'ers in these parts to fill the old Coliseum. And they'd make the wild animals look like a cage of white rabbits."

Well, the upshot of it was, he persuaded me to charge an admission; so we set it at $1.00 a head "on the hoof." I wrote out a card and sent it to all the papers to print at advertising rates. It cost right smart, but looked neat:

TO EVERY STRANGER IN NEW YORK AND HIS LADY.

If you are not otherwise engaged on Christmas Eve, the honor of your presence at Madison Square Garden is requested by

DAVID AUSTIN CROCKETT,
Colonel Fifth Texas Cavalry, C. S. A.

Music, Dancing, Refreshments, Souvenirs. For the purpose of keeping out the undesirable element a charge of $1.00 will be made.

I knew that them magic words, "Refreshments and Souvenirs," would hit 'em hard. In order to whet the public interest, I asked the papers where I advertised to give the thing some editorial or other reference. But they was very cold and said the best they could do was to send their dramatic critics to criticize the show afterward. A lot of good that would do me! So I took more space in advertising.

In a day or two I was visited at the hotel by one of the most imperdent young fellows I ever met up with. He sent up a card, "*James J. James, Publicity Expert.*" I said to show him in, and he sort of oozed through

(*Continued on page* 930.)

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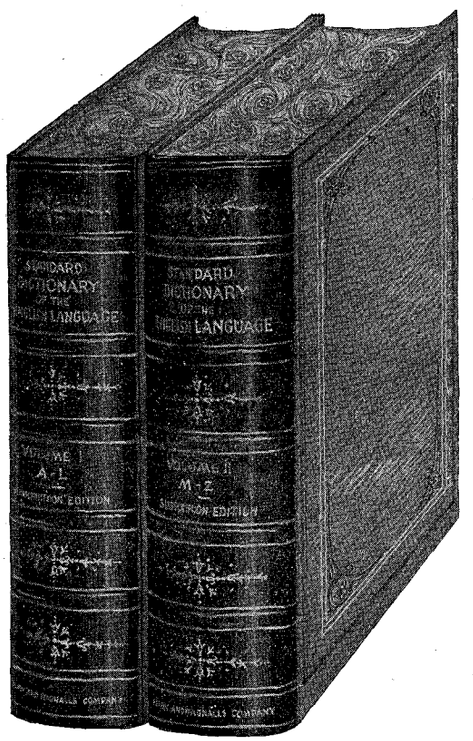

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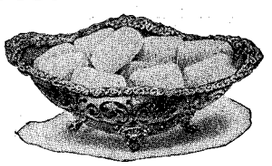

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Sold everywhere in sealed tins. If your dealer does not keep ·U-ALL-NO· we will send a liberal box on receipt of ten cents.

MANUFACTURING CO. of AMERICA
Only Makers
439 N. 12th St., Philadelphia

COLONEL CROCKETT'S COOPERATIVE CHRISTMAS.

(*Continued from page 928.*)

the door —he was that oily. He looked about to see if we was alone. then winked slow and important, and says:

"What's your game, Colonel? It looks pretty slick, but I can't quite make it out. It's a new bunco, all right, but slick as it looks, it ain't quite so slick as it ought to be."

"Look here, you cub," I roared, "if you imply that I have any evil motives in this, I'll shoot you so full of holes you'll look like a mosquito net!"

He wasn't a bit scared; he simply winked the other eye, and said in a kind of foreign-sounding language:

"Forget it, Colonel! Cut it out! Back to the alfalfa with your Buffalo Bill vocabulary! If you are really on the level, you don't need to prove it with artillery. But it makes no diff. to me about that. My business is producing fame, not merit. Once more I ask, what's your lay?"

I overcame a desire to kick him through the ceiling, and told him I proposed to entertain the strangers in New York.

"Strangers in New York?—Why, that means everybody! There's been only one man born in New York since the war, and he's kept in alcohol at a dime museum. Your idea is really to give old New York a Christmas party, eh? Very pretty! Very pretty, indeed! But if you insist on exploding money all over the place, I don't see why you shouldn't get a run for it. Besides, I need a bit of it myself. What you want is a press agent. You're starting all wrong. People in New York can't understand or believe anything except through the language of the press agent. You take one on your staff, and in three days you'll be so famous that, if a child in a kindergarten is asked who is the Queen of Holland, it will answer: 'Colonel Crockett, of Waco.'"

Well, he poured out the most remarkable string of talk I ever heard, and before I knew it he had made me promise to trust my soul and my scheme to him; to be surprised at nothing that might appear in the papers, and to refer all reporters to him. The next morning I found my name on the front page of every journal, with my picture in most of them. It seems I had held at bay two hundred angry Italians who were trying to mob a Chinese laundryman. The evening papers said that I had stopped a runaway coach-and-four on Fifth Avenue, that morning, by lassoing the leader. On the coach were Mrs. Aster, Mrs. Fitch, Reggie Banderbuilt, George Goold, Harry Leer and a passel of other "Among those presents." That night I went to a music-hall—according to the next morning's papers—and broke up the show by throwing a pocketful of solitaires to the chorus girls. The next day three burglars got into my room: I held them up in a corner, took away their masks, spanked them and gave them each a hundred-dollar bill to help them to avoid temptation. That afternoon the three big life-insurance companies asked me to be president. And so on—you can read for yourself in the clippings—only for Heaven's sake don't believe any of it. In every article was a neat allusion to my Christmas party.

I wanted to kill James J. James, and I scoured the town for him, but he dodged me. He kept his word, though. For the last few days I've been the most talked-of man in town. Looks like I'd been the only man in New York.

And now to tell about my little party. For two days a regiment of men was working in the

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Pressed steel standards, white ash seat and frame, finely finished. Outlasts any wooden sled. Draws up-hill easily. Ask at your dealers and don't take anything else. If you cannot get it, let us know.

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Garden under my direction—and at my expense. It was like paying the war appropriation of Russia. But it was worth it.

At 6 o'clock Christmas Eve the crowd began to line up at the Garden doors. At 6:30 a platoon of police arrived. At 6:40 the line reached twice around the Garden. As 6:45 they sent for more police. At 7:15 every street was solid with people. They called out the police reserves and clubbed about four hundred innocent bystanders insensible. At 7:45 the fire department was called and played the hose on the crowd.

This thinned 'em off a bit on the outsquirts. Then the ambulances give out and the fainting women was carried home in express wagons and wheelbarrows. The subway was the only line that could run cars.

At 8:30 the doors opened. You should of seen the rush. The Galveston flood wasn't in it. At 8:45 the Garden was so full they closed the doors. That sent some of the outside crowd home.

The Garden was a beautiful sight. On the tower outside, in big electric letters, there was a sign, "Merry Christmas to you and yours."

Inside it was decorated with holly leaves and berries—tons and tons of it. At one end was built a big house with a chimbly and an old-fashioned fireplace. The roof of the house was covered with snow (cotton), and the sky back of it was full of electric stars that twinkled something beautiful. And there was a moon that looked like the real thing.

There was four bands in the balconies and a chorus of angels with real wings and electric halo. They sang Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men, written for the occasion by Mr. de Koven.

By and by all the bands bust out gorgeous, and then Santy Claus appeared in a sleigh drawed by six real live stuffed reindeers. He run along the sky on unseen grooves and drove up to the roof of the house, and slid down the chimbly with a pack of presents. He filled all the stockings with candy cornycopies and toys, and a lot of attendants passed 'em out to the childern. You should of heard them squeal with joy—poor little tots living in hotels and apartment places where Santy Claus would of had to come up the steam radiator or the gas-log pipe to get in. Well, my Santy Claus had to make sixteen trips to satisfy the childern.

The Garden was divided into sections, one for every State and Territory, with its own shield in electric lights and colors. There was a native of every State in charge, and every State had its own big Christmas tree, and reception-room and refreshments. Some of the people I noticed seemed to of been born in several States at once, they way they passed from one booth to another fillin' up their pockets and stummicks. I reckon they paid for it the next day in doctor's bills.

But there was nary a sign of rowdyism. That dollar admission was a regular sieve for straining out the toughs. Then there were policemen everywhere, and every other man nearly was a plain-clothes man or a detective. Besides, after sober consideration, and on advice from the Gardeners, I cut out all drinks, except soft stuff. So there were no jags, except what some people brought with them from their Christmas dinners and loaded plum puddings.

And then, of course, that peculiar something we get into us at Christmas time filled everybody

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Exclusively first-class tour under the auspices of the Tourist Department, Chicago, Union Pacific & North Western Line, leaves Chicago, Wednesday, February 7th, spending the disagreeable portions of February and March in the land of sunshine and flowers. $350.00 includes all expenses, railway fare, sleeping cars, meals in dining cars and hotel expense. Service first class in every respect. Itineraries and full particulars on application to S. A. Hutchison, Manager, 212 Clark St. and 120 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

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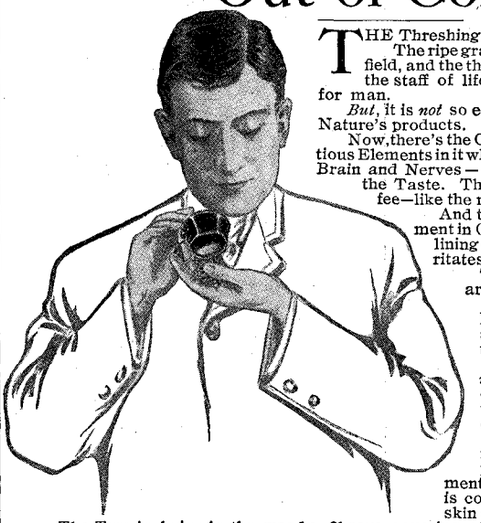


THE Threshing Machine is a great institution! The ripe grain is put into it as it comes from the field, and the thresher easily separates the wheat—the staff of life — from the chaff, useless as food for man.

But, it is *not* so easy to get the Good out of other of Nature's products.

Now, there's the Coffee Bean—there are certain nutritious Elements in it which act as a healthy stimulant to the Brain and Nerves — *which assist Digestion and please* the Taste. These are the Good elements in Coffee—like the nutritive wheat from the Grain.

And then, there is a totally different Element in Coffee—one that attacks the delicate lining of the Throat and Stomach—and irritates the nerves and depresses the Brain. That's why you, Mr. Coffee-Drinker, are sometimes nervous and irritable.

This bad Element in the Coffee Bean is called Tannin, and it is the same Tannin that Tanners use to tan Cow Hides with.

Tannin is even *worse* than the *useless* straw and chaff of the Stalk of Grain, for it is positively harmful to the human system, while chaff is only useless.

Now, the Good Elements of Coffee are all stored in the soft *inside* part of the Bean. And the Bad Element of Coffee—the Cow Hide Tannin—is contained in the hard fibrous *outside* skin of the Coffee Bean.

The Tannin, being in the woody, fibrous covering of the shell, *can only be extracted by boiling water*, while the good elements, being stored in the soft inside of the bean, *can easily be extracted by water slightly below the boiling point.*

The *only* Coffee Maker which gets the nutritive elements of Coffee without any of the Tannin that turns your stomach into tough leather—and which separates the Good from the Bad in the bean, just as surely as the Threshing Machine separates the Wheat from the Straw and Chaff, is the

"Universal" Coffee Percolator

Because the Universal doesn't need Boiling Water (as all other coffee makers do) to make Coffee, and therefore it makes coffee absolutely free from the injurious Tannin. It does this thus: First of all, place the ground coffee in the cup at the top of the Percolator.

Then put cold water in the Pot beneath.

Do you see that tube which extends from the bottom of the Pot to the top of the Cup?

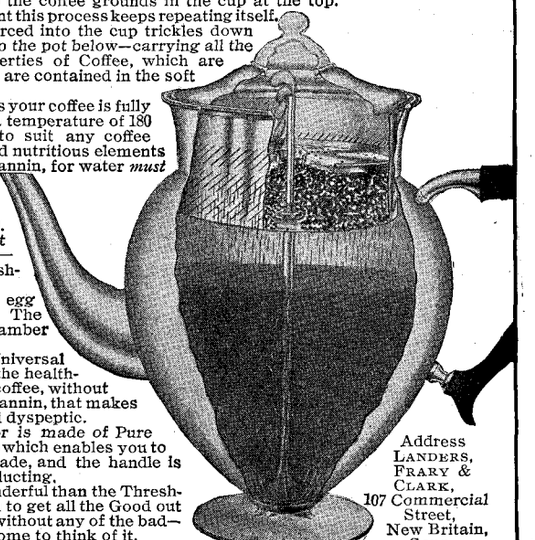
When you place this tube in the pot the tube nearly fills with water. There is also a little bubble of water in the base below the valve at the lower end of the tube.

When you apply heat to the metal disc at the bottom of the pot the bubble of water turns into steam in a second's time—the steam thus formed in the little valve forces the column of cold water in the tube into the coffee grounds in the cup at the top.

By an automatic arrangement this process keeps repeating itself.

The water that has been forced into the cup trickles down *through the ground Coffee into the pot below*—carrying all the nutritious and healthful properties of Coffee, which are readily extracted because they are contained in the soft inside part of the Coffee bean.

At the end of only 12 minutes your coffee is fully made—the beverage being at a temperature of 180 degrees. Quite *hot* enough to suit any coffee drinker, rich in the healthful and nutritious elements of coffee, but containing no Tannin, for water *must* be at a temperature of 210 degrees (Boiling Heat) to be able to extract Tannin from the hard, woody fibrous shell.



And since the water hasn't boiled, no steam is given off—none of the strength and freshness of coffee—has been lost.

And you don't need any egg with the Universal Percolator. The coffee comes out a deep rich amber color—beautifully clear.

So that only by using the Universal Coffee Percolator you get *all* the healthful, brain bracing elements of coffee, without any of the injurious element, Tannin, that makes you nervous, and irritable, and dyspeptic.

Each Universal Percolator is made of Pure Aluminum and has a glass top which enables you to see just when the coffee is made, and the handle is solid Ebony and non-heat conducting.

It is a great deal more wonderful than the Threshing Machine, for it enables you to get all the Good out of Coffee, Mr. Coffee-Drinker, without any of the bad—that's a great deal when you come to think of it.

The price of the Universal Coffee Percolator is $3 to $5, according to size. We will gladly send you our free book which tells why it is wrong to boil coffee, and why you get no Tannin—the bad of coffee, in coffee made by the Universal.

Address LANDERS, FRARY & CLARK, 107 Commercial Street, New Britain, Conn.

LEARN TO WRITE ADVERTISEMENTS

Earn from $25 to $100 a week, in the Advertising Business. Taught by mail. Prospectus will tell how.

PAGE-DAVIS COMPANY

Address either office { 93 Wabash Av., Chic. / 152 Nassau St., N. Y.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

The only light that **makes** and **burns** its own gas at the extremely low cost of 2c per week and gives perfect service with **NO GREASE, DIRT, SMOKE OR ODOR.** Every burner equal to 100 candles burning at one time. Think of it—brighter than electricity or acetylene and cheaper than kerosene. You cannot afford to be without it. Over 100 styles. Every lamp warranted. **Agents Wanted Everywhere.**

THE BEST LIGHT CO., 92 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

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with a sort of loving fellowship and a hankering to hug their neighbors and divvy up their funds like a Mutual Life-Insurance Company prospectus says it's going to do some day.

In the center of the hall there was a big sign in electric letters:

EVERYBODY IS HEREBY INTRODUCED TO EVERYBODY ELSE—FOR TO-NIGHT ONLY

At every State booth you'd see people gathering and recognizing old friends or introducing theirselves to new ones.

At the Texas booth there was a big, immense crowd. A lot of 'em turned out to be old friends of ours; school friends of yours, ranch friends of mine, people I had worked for, people who had worked me—or for me. A lot of them sent their love and a Merry Christmas to you. I remember especially— [Here we omit a list of names, somewhat lacking in universal interest.]

I had advertised that people who wanted to give each other Christmas presents could have them hung on the State trees. My attendants gave them checks for their gifts and there wasn't many mix-ups. Old Miss Samanthy Clay got a box of cigars meant for Judge Randolph, and he got a pair of silver-buckle garters meant for her. But most of them come out right, and several of them was so surprised at getting presents in New York that they bust out crying. Major Calhoun's whiskers was soaking wet with tears when he got a bottle of old Bourbon from Judge Payton.

Rich folks who had been poor men met charter-members of the "I'm on to your origin" association. But the Christmas spirit made them forget to be snobs. You'd hear millionaires telling plain people how they used to play Hallowe'en jokes, how they scraped up to buy their mothers' little Christmas gifts—what ridiculous things they used to get and give!

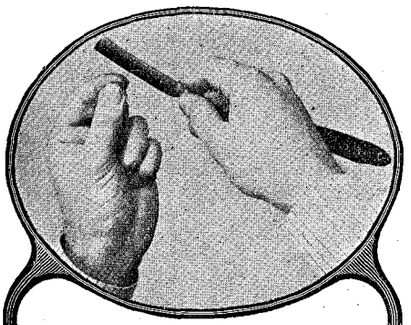
All evening as fast as anybody went out they'd let somebody else in. Along about eleven o'clock a lot of the people began to go home. Then a new crowd come in. People who had taken their childern home and put them to bed would come back for more fun. Others, who had spent the evening dining, began to dribble in.

All the actor people and singers came. It was good to see them. Some of them told me what a godsend such a thing was to them, homeless by profession. A lot of them brought their wives and babies. One father was playing Romeo in Newark, his wife was playing Little Eva in Harlem, and their daughter was playing Camille on Broadway. You should of seen them rejoicing round the Kansas tree!

About midnight the big refreshment hall was opened and everybody that could squeeze in set down to long tables where I had supper served. I had some of the best after-dinner speakers in town come in, and you should of heard some of the funny stories—it would of brought back dear old childhood memories. Mayor McClellan gave us all a welcome, and then there was Chauncey Depew, of course, and Simeon Ford, and Augustus Thomas, and Wilton Lackaye, and Job Hedges, and Lemuel Ely Quigg, and General Horace Porter, and a passel of others.

They all made the most surprising allusions to your poor old husband. They called me Daddy and sang about me being a jolly good fellow. And one of them christened me "Santy Crockett." Why, my ears burned so hot I near set my collar on fire! It sure was worth all I spent, and I had a terrible time to keep from blubbering. I must of swallowed about four hundred and eleven Adam's apples.

Finally they called on me for a speech. I just kind o' gibbered—I don't know what. The pa-



A Hair-Splitting Edge

Try your razor to-night and see if it will cut a hair at a touch.

It ought to if well sharpened.

Perhaps you don't thoroughly understand how to strop it.

Send for our free catalogue and it will tell you clearly and exactly how to keep a razor in perfect condition.

But knowing how is only the start. The very finest strop is none too good for a good razor.

TORREY STROPS

are prepared in a special way and put the hair-splitting edge on any razor in just a few strokes.

Torrey Strops are the result of 50 years' experience in strop making.

They are made in all styles, including Swing, Cushion Belts, etc., and are sold at 50c., 75c., $1.00, $1.50, $2.00 and $2.50. Sent postpaid if your dealer cannot supply. Money refunded or a new strop if not satisfactory.

Torrey's Oil-Edge Dressing will keep any strop soft and pliable. Price 15 cents at dealers or mailed on receipt of price.

Send for free catalogue.

J. R. TORREY & CO.,
P. O. Box 54, Worcester, Mass.

DENTACURA

Tooth Paste

Differs from the ordinary dentifrice in minimizing the causes of decay. Endorsed by thousands of Dentists. It is deliciously flavored, and a delightful adjunct to the dental toilet.

For sale at best stores. 25c. per tube. Avoid substitutes. Send for our free book "Taking Care of the Teeth," which contains valuable information concisely written.

DENTACURA COMPANY
144 ALLING ST., NEWARK, N. J., U. S. A.

ARE you *sure* that your holiday decorations, tinsel, etc., *will not* catch fire? Are you immune from *overheated flues*, which are more frequent during the holidays than at any other time of the year?

If so, you do not need the

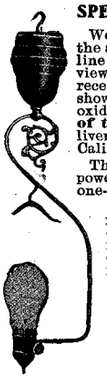
KEYSTONE
Chemical Fire Extinguisher.

Twenty-five years' experience and the best materials combine to make this the *perfect* extinguisher. Fewest parts—nothing to get out of order.

JAMES BOYD & BROTHER
Mfrs. of Fire Protection Equipment
4 N. FOURTH ST., PHILADELPHIA

Ann Arbor Gasoline Vapor Lamps

have been the standard of excellence for the past six years.



SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

We want every community to realize the advantages of using Ann Arbor Gasoline Vapor Lamps. With this object in view, we will, for a limited time, send on receipt of $4.00 our Model 114 lamp as shown in the cut, furnished in brass or oxidized copper, **prepaid to any part of the U. S.** The lamp costs $4.00 delivered to your door, even if you live in California.

This lamp will give a full 100 candle power light at a cost of not more than one-third cent per hour.

Every lamp guaranteed. If lamp is not satisfactory, return after thirty days' use, and we will refund your money. We mean exactly this. References, Dun or Bradstreet. Order now and we will ship in time for Christmas. Agents wanted. Send for complete catalog.

SUPERIOR MFG. CO.
276 Second St.
ANN ARBOR, MICH.

FRENCH OPERA GLASSES
$2.00

A Handsome and Acceptable Christmas Gift for either Lady or Gentleman. These handsome French Opera Glasses are our own importation. Artistic in design, French gray finish with trimmings of gilt and oxidize. Exceptionally strong and clear lenses. Same quality and grade never before sold in the United States for less than $3.50. Our price includes handsome solid leather satin-lined case. Our special holiday price $2.00. Write to-day.

We have No Branch Houses

THE BIG STORE BY A CITY IN ITSELF
SIEGEL COOPER CO.
SIXTH AVE. 18TH 19TH STS.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

We Employ No Agents.

Watches, Diamonds and Rich Gold Jewelry

"THE BENEDICT"
Celebrated Collar Button
Wonderfully Improved
NEW Pat. Oct. 6, 1903

END VIEW

In gold, and heavy rolled gold. None genuine unless stamped BENEDICT and date of patent.

A SET OF FOUR MAKES AN ACCEPTABLE PRESENT

FOR SALE ONLY BY
BENEDICT BROTHERS
JEWELERS
Broadway and Liberty St., New York

SIDE VIEW

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pers say I said: "Merry Christmas, my children! This old world sure is some comfortable, after all. The only trouble is that the right people can't seem to get together at the right time often enough. But this here Christmas supper tastes to me terrible much like More. I'm going to try it again. And I hereby invite you all that ain't in any better place or any better world to meet me here a year from to-night. And so God bless you all, and—and God bless everybody!"

Then after a lot of song-singing and hand-wringing we all went home, tears in every eye and smiles on every mouth. The remnants of food and toys made more than the twelve baskets full of Scripture. I sent them round to the Hospitals and Orphant Asylums. I've engaged the Garden again for next Christmas and paid a deposit down. It ain't the extravagance it looks, either, for while the expenses was high—twelve thousand-odd dollars—they took in at the door nearly eighteen thousand dollars. I sent the profit to the Salvation Army and the Volunteers, and now I'm being prayed for and hallelooyied for everywhere there's a brass drum. But I'd do it again if it cost me twenty thousand. It's worth that and more to have your heart nearly break wide open with joy and fellowship.

It was broad daylight when I got to bed, all wore out with happiness. I cuddled up, like I was a little boy once more in the days when I used to get up Christmas morning cold and early and look at my presents and then crawl back under the covers again with a double armful of toys, to keep warm and sleep some more.

If only you and the chicks had 'a' been there! Next time you shall be.

Your loving AUSTIN.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE LITERARY DIGEST is in receipt of the following books:

"The Journal of Latrobe."—Benjamin Henry Latrobe. (D. Appleton & Co., $3.50 net.)

"Recollections."—William O'Brien. (Macmillan Company.)

"Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature."—George Brandes. (Macmillan Company, Vol. VI., $3.25.)

"The Greek View of Life."—G. Lowes Dickinson. (McClure, Phillips & Co.)

"The Strange Story of the Quillmores."—A. L. Chatterton. (Stitt Publishing Company.)

"Irish History and the Irish Question."—Goldwin Smith. (McClure, Phillips & Co., $1.50 net.)

"The New Idolatry."—Washington Gladden. (McClure, Phillips & Co., $1.20 net.)

"In and Out of the Old Missions."—George Wharton James. (Little, Brown & Co., $3 net.)

"The Competent Life."—Thomas D. West. (Cleveland Printing & Publishing Company, $1.25.)

"The System of the Stars."—Agnes M. Clerke. (Adams & Charles Black, $6.50.)

"The War in the Far East."—By the Military Correspondent of *The Times*. (E. P. Dutton & Co., $5 net.)

"A Guide to The Ring of the Nibelung."—Richard Aldrich. (Oliver Ditson, 1.25.)

"The Homes of Tennyson."—Helen Allingham. (A. & C. Black, $2.)

"The Choice of Books."—Charles F. Richardson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, $1.25 net.)

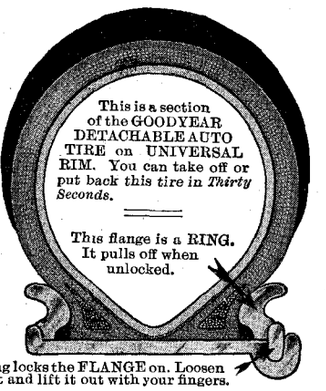
"New York State Library Year Book of Legislation."—Robert H. Whitten. (New York State Education Department, $1.)

"Bulletin of the Bureau of Labor." (Government Printing Office.)

"Deutsche Reden."—Rudolf Tombo. (D. C. Heath & Co., $0.90.)

"Life of Stephen A. Douglas."—William Gardner. (Roxburgh Press.)

Here's an End to AUTO TIRE TROUBLES


This is a section of the GOODYEAR DETACHABLE AUTO TIRE on UNIVERSAL RIM. You can take off or put back this tire in *Thirty Seconds*.
This flange is a RING. It pulls off when unlocked.
This split ring locks the FLANGE on. Loosen the valve nut and lift it out with your fingers.

There are just two ways to relieve your mind of all Automobile Tire worries.

Here is the *first* way:

Have your car fitted with **Goodyear Detachable Auto Tires on Universal Rims**—the Manufacturer will give this equipment if you specify it.

The Goodyear Detachable Auto Tire is almost as Durable as a solid tire, because the wearing surface is tough, dense, composition rubber (shown in solid black in the illustration above).

And it's the most Resilient Tire you can ride, because underneath the tough composition is springy, lively, pure rubber (shown in gray above). The two kinds are vulcanized into one inseparable piece. This Tire is exceptionally easy riding and easy on your engine—cuts down repair bills.

The GOODYEAR DETACHABLE will not *Creep*, though not mechanically fastened to the rim. Nor will it *Rim Cut*. It may be ridden for miles *absolutely flat* without injury.

You can remove this tire or put it back in *Thirty Seconds* with no tools but the *hands*. This Tire is 90% PUNCTURE PROOF.

These, of course, are all General Statements, but every one is *True*, and **we can prove it.**

The Goodyear Detachable Auto Tire is the best PNEUMATIC Tire you can buy. It practically does away entirely with tire troubles.

Here is your Second Choice:

The **Goodyear Endless Solid Tire with Scalloped Tread** (see illustration below).

This is the most resilient Solid Tire on the market. It is made of good, lively rubber, and the scallops allow this rubber to expand in FOUR DIRECTIONS—on both sides and between the scallops.

The scallops also give a firm grip on the road, rendering chains or ropes unnecessary to secure traction on snow or icy pavements. They also make skidding well nigh impossible.

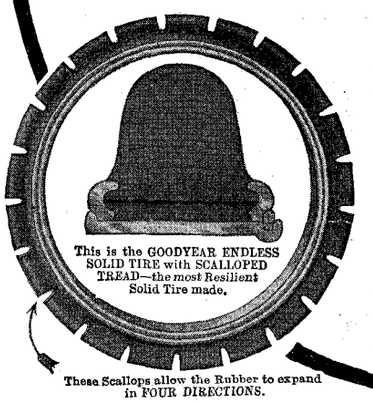
This Tire also is used on the **Goodyear Universal Rim.** It will be unnecessary to use tire bolts to keep the tire on the rim.

The Universal Rim makes it easy for you to try *both* if you wish—detachables on two wheels and Scalloped Solids on two—and see which you like best.

Now make your selection:

The GOODYEAR DETACHABLE AUTO TIRE is 100% resilient and durable, but only 90% *Puncture Proof.*

The GOODYEAR ENDLESS SOLID with Scalloped Tread is 100% puncture proof and durable, but only 90% *Resilient.*


This is the GOODYEAR ENDLESS SOLID TIRE with SCALLOPED TREAD—the *most Resilient* Solid Tire made.

These Scallops allow the Rubber to expand in FOUR DIRECTIONS.

Either Tire is the best of its kind and **we can prove it.**

It will only take a minute to show you the *why* and the *wherefore* if you'll stop at our booth at **either the New York or Chicago Automobile Shows.**

Or, drop into one of our Branch Stores, and we'll *show you* there.

Or, *write us*, and we'll send you a book that will *show you.*

Don't spend a cent for either of these Tires until you are *convinced*, but in your *own interest* give us a chance to convince you. WE CAN DO IT.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co.
Liberty St., Akron, Ohio.

Branches in following cities; Boston, 6 Merrimac St.; New York, 253 W. 47th St.; Chicago, 110 Lake St.; Cincinnati, 242 E. 5th St.; St. Louis, 712-714 Morgan St.; Cleveland, 69 Frankfort St.; Philadelphia, 1521 Spring St.; San Francisco, Geo. P. Moore & Co., 596 Golden Gate Ave.; Buffalo, 719 Main St.; Denver, 229 Sixteenth St.; Detroit, 242 Jefferson Ave.

BAILEY TREAD furnished on Goodyear Tires (all sizes) if desired.

Water Supply for Country Homes

Deliver water from spring or stream to house, stable, lawn, storage tank, etc., by the automatic working

RIFE HYDRAULIC ENGINES

Always going without attention. Raise 30 feet for every foot fall. 80% efficiency. Large plants for irrigation, equipping towns, railroad tanks, etc. Over 5,000 in use. Catalogue and estimates free.

RIFE ENGINE CO., - - 2004 Trinity Bldg., New York

ESSAYS SPEECHES LECTURES etc., etc. written on any subject at short notice. Satisfaction guaranteed. All transactions confidential. **Davis Page, 1778 Broadway, N. Y.**

THE PASSIONATE HEARTS. Ten genuine Irish love stories, by ANNA MACMANUS (Ethna Carberry). 12mo, cloth, 127 pages. 75c. Funk & Wagnalls Company, Pubs., New York.

A-C ANTI-CANCER PIPE

A Superb Holiday Gift for a Gentleman

A-C ANTI-CANCER PIPE

The first pipe ever known to win the unqualified endorsement of Physicians and the Scientific World.

$1,000 GUARANTEE AGAINST A BURNT TONGUE

SAFE CLEAN FRAGRANT COOL SIMPLE ELEGANT

Improved (1906) Model, $2.00. No advance in price till after holidays.

THE "A-C" PIPE CO., 807 Times Building, - - - NEW YORK

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CHRISTMAS POETRY.

Christ With Us.

BY EDWIN MARKHAM.

"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

I cried aloud, "There is no Christ
In all this world unparadised!
No Christ to go to in my need—
No Christ to comfort me and feed!
He passed in glory out of sight,
The angels drew Him into light:
Now in the lonesome earth and air
I can not find Him anywhere.
Would God that Heaven were not so far
And I were where the White Ones are!"

Then from the gray stones of a street
Where goes an ocean drift of feet,
I heard a child's cry tremble up,
And turned to share my scanty cup.
When lo, the Christ I thought was dead
Was in the little one I fed!
At this I drew my aching eyes
From the far-watching of the skies;
And now which ever way I turn
I see my Lord's white halo burn!

Where ever now a sorrow stands,
'Tis mine to heal His nail-torn hands;
In every lonely lane and street,
'Tis mine to wash His wounded feet—
'Tis mine to roll away the Stone
And warm His heart against my own.
Here, here, on Earth I find it all—
The young archangels white and tall,
The Golden City and the doors,
And all the shining of the floors!

—*From Woman's Home Companion.*

The Wise Men From the East.

(A Little Boy's Christmas Lesson.)

BY BLISS CARMAN.

"Why were the Wise Men three,
Instead of five or seven?"
They had to match, you see,
The archangels in Heaven.

God sent them, sure and swift,
By His mysterious presage,
To bear the threefold gift
And take the threefold message.

Thus in their hands were seen
The gold of purest Beauty,
The myrrh of Truth all-clean,
The frankincense of Duty.

And thus they bore away
The loving heart's great treasure,
And knowledge clear as day,
To be our life's new measure.

They went back to the East
To spread the news of gladness.
There one became a priest
Of the new word to sadness;

And one a workman, skilled
Beyond the old earth's fashion;
And one a scholar, filled
With learning's endless passion.

God sent them for a sign
He would not change nor alter
His good and fair design,
However man may falter.

He meant that, as he chose
His perfect plan and willed it,
They stood in place of those
Who elsewhere had fulfilled it;

Whoso would mark and reach
The height of man's election,
Must still achieve and teach
The triplicate perfection.

For since the world was made.
One thing was needed ever,
To keep man undismayed
Through failure and endeavor—

A Safe Gift for any man

An Iver Johnson Revolver assures double safety—not only in the ordinary sense of protection, but safety against accident. It is the only revolver with our patented safety lever, which makes it possible to

"Hammer the Hammer"

of a loaded Iver Johnson Safety Automatic Revolver without its going off. There is always a space between the revolver hammer and firing-pin which only our safety-lever can fill. That never happens until you actually pull the trigger.

No Fear of Accidental Discharge

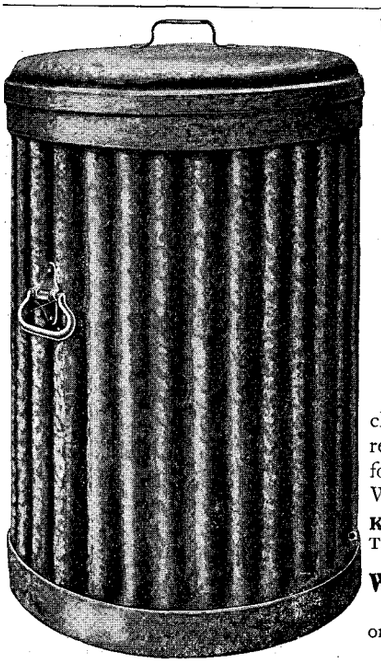
but when you *do pull* the trigger, it never fails.

Our booklet, "Shots," and handsome catalogue will be sent free on request.

Hammer, $5.00 **Hammerless, $6.00**

For sale by all hardware and sporting goods dealers. Be sure our name is on the barrel and the *owl's head* on the grip.

Iver Johnson's Arms and Cycle Works, 148 River St., Fitchburg, Mass.
NEW YORK OFFICE: 99 Chambers Street
Makers of Iver Johnson Bicycles and Single Barrel Shotguns



Write us for name of dealer in your town who sells

Witt's Corrugated Can

The only safe can to have in your cellar for furnace ashes.

Absolutely fireproof—made of corrugated steel, close-fitting lid. Bottom of can is above the floor; rests on rim only. By far the most economical can for you to buy. First cost may be a little more, but Witt's will last longer than two of any other can.

Known by "Witt's Can" stamped in lid and bottom.
THREE SIZES: No. 1—15¾x25 in., No. 2—18x25 in., No. 3—20½x25 in.

Witt's Pail (*5 and 7 gal.*) *for ashes and garbage.*

Witt's Cans and Pails are sold on approval, and not one has ever been returned by the purchaser. *Write us.*

THE WITT CORNICE CO., Dept. K, Cincinnati, O.

ELECTRO-SILICON SILVER POLISH

Is the **KING OF ITS KIND** and so acknowledged by more than a million housekeepers throughout the civilized world. It keeps new silver always new—in brilliancy—and makes old silver look like new. It's unlike all others.

Trial quantity—to prove its peculiar merits—for the asking. At grocers, druggists and postpaid 15 cts. (stamps).

Electro-Silicon Silver Soap for washing and polishing Gold and Silver has equal merits, 15 cts.

"SILICON," 32 Cliff Street, New York.

Vapo-Cresolene

For Whooping Cough, Croup, Bronchitis, Coughs, Grip, Hay Fever, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever.

Confidence can be placed in a remedy which for a quarter century has earned unqualified praise. Restful nights are assured at once.

Cresolene is a boon to asthmatics. All Druggists.

Send for descriptive booklet

Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, at your druggist or from us. 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 180 Fulton St., New York

INDIVIDUAL COMMUNION CUPS

Send for FREE catalogue and list of nearly 3,000 churches using our cups.

Sanitary Communion Outfit Co. 54th Street, Rochester, N. Y.

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Recommends teachers to colleges, schools and families. Advises parents about schools. **Wm. O. Pratt, Mgr.**

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For Young Folks

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You don't have to be an electrical engineer to understand the articles published in

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Of body, mind and spirit,
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Strong angels to be near it:

Strength to arise and go
Wherever dawn is breaking,
Poise like the tides that flow,
Instinct for beauty-making;

Imagination bold
To cross the mystic border,
Reason to seek and hold,
Judgment for law and order;

Joy that makes all things well,
Faith that is all-availing
Each terror to dispel,
And Love, ah, Love unfailing.

These are the flaming Nine
Who walk the world unsleeping,
Sent forth by the Divine
With manhood in their keeping.

These are the seraphs strong
His mighty soul had need of,
When He would right the wrong
And sorrow He took heed of.

And that, I think, is why
The Wise Men knelt before him,
And put their kingdoms by
To serve Him and adore Him;

So that our Lord, unknown,
Should not be unattended,
When He was here alone
And poor and unbefriended;

That still he might have three
(Rather than five or seven)
To stand in their degree,
Like archangels in Heaven.

—*From The Saturday Evening Post.*

Christmas.

BY JOHN B. TABB.

The world His cradle is,
The stars His worshipers,
His "peace on earth" the mother's kiss
On lips new-pressed to hers:

For she alone to Him
In perfect light appears—
The one horizon never dim
With penitential tears.

—*From The Atlantic Mouthly.*

Christmas-Tide.

BY WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

Snow time, sad time,
The world is growing old;
The shadows fall across the wall,
The night is wan and cold;
When lo! the joyous songs arise
Of angels in the starry skies.

Child time, glad time,
The world is young again;
The starlight streams, the holly gleams
Upon the frosted pane.
Grant us, dear Lord, a place beside
The baby Christ, at Christmas-tide!

—*From Harper's Bazar.*

The Little Christ.

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR.

Mother, I am thy little Son—
Why weepest thou?
Hush! for I see a crown of thorns,
A bleeding brow.

Mother, I am thy little Son—
Why dost thou sigh?
Hush! for the shadow of the years
Stoopeth more nigh!

Mother, I am thy little Son—
Oh, smile on me.
The birds sing blithe, the birds sing gay,
The leaf laughs on the tree.

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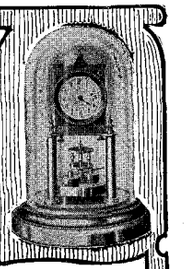

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Oh, hush thee! - The leaves do shiver sore
That tree whereon they grow,
I see it hewn, and bound, to bear
The weight of human woe!

Mother, I am thy little Son—
The Night comes on apace—
When all God's waiting stars shall smile
On me in thy embrace.

Oh, hush thee! I see black, starless night!
Oh, could'st thou slip away
Now, by the hawthorn hedge of Death,—
And get to God by Day!

—*From The Atlantic Monthly.*

PERSONAL.

Twain on How to Reach Seventy.—At a dinner given at Delmonico's in New York to celebrate his seventieth birthday, on Tuesday of last week, Mr. Clemens delivered an address in which he harked back to other birthdays. Of his first he says:

Whenever I think of it, it is with indignation. Everything was so crude, so unæsthetic. Nothing was really ready. I was born, you know, with a high and delicate æsthetic taste. And then think of it—I had no hair, no teeth, no clothes. And I had to go to my first banquet like that.

And everybody came swarming in. It was the merest little hamlet in the backwoods of Missouri, where never anything happened at all. All interest centered in me that day. They came with that peculiar provincial curiosity to look me over aud to see if I had brought anything fresh in my particular line. Why, I was the only thing that had happened in the last three months—and I came very near being the only thing that happened there in two whole years.

They gave their opinions. No one had asked them, but they gave them, and they were all just green with prejudice. I stood it as long as—well, you know, I was born courteous. I stood it for about an hour. Then the worm turned. I was the worm. It was my turn to turn, and I did turn. I knew the strength of my position. I knew that I was the only spotlessly pure person in that camp, and I just came out and told them so.

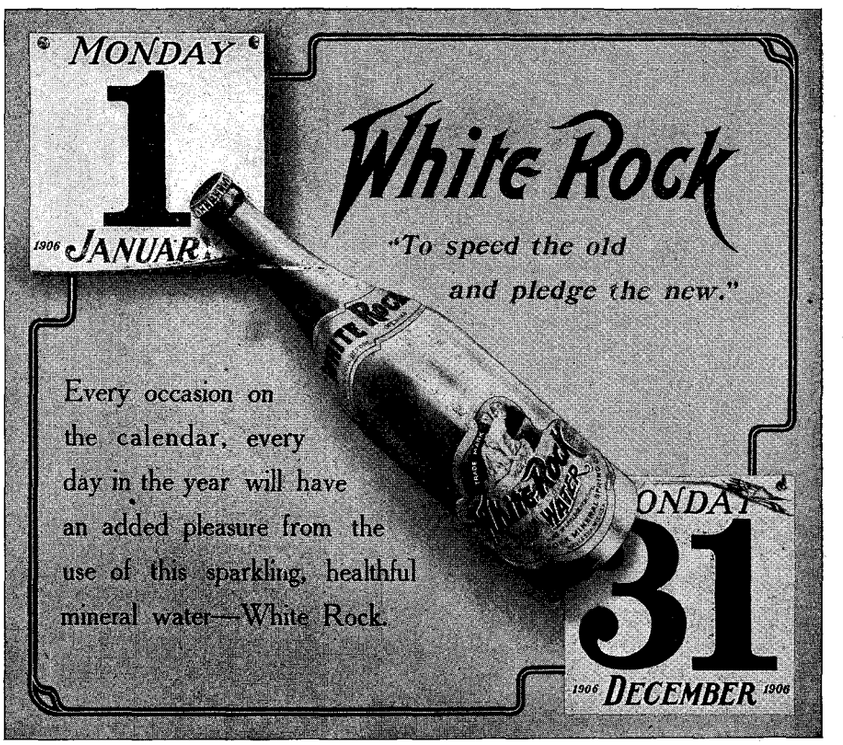
It was so true that they could make no answer at all. They merely blushed and went away. Well, that was my cradle song, and now I am singing my swan song. It is a far stretch from that first birthday to this, the seventieth. Just think of it!

Twain then gives his recipe for a long life. "I have achieved my seventy years in the usual way," he declares: "by sticking strictly to a scheme of life which would kill anybody else." Of his habits, we read:

We have no permanent habits until we are forty. Then they begin to harden, presently they petrify, then business begins. Since forty I have been regular about going to bed and getting up—and that is one of the main things. I have made it a rule to go to bed when there wasn't anybody left to sit up with; and I have made it a rule to get up when I had to. This has resulted in an unswerving regularity of irregularity.

In the matter of diet—which is another main thing—I have been persistently strict in sticking to the things which didn't agree with me until one or the other of us got the best of it. Until lately I got the best of it myself. But last Spring I stopped frolicking with mince pie after midnight; up to then, I had always believed it wasn't loaded. For thirty years I have taken coffee and bread at 8 in the morning, and no bite nor sup until 7:30 in the evening. Eleven hours. That is all right for me. Headachy people would not reach seventy comfortably by that road. And I wish to urge upon you this—which I think is wisdom—that if you find you can't make seventy by any but an uncomfortable road, don't you go. When they take off the Pullman and retire you to the rancid smoker, put on your things, count your checks, and get out at the first way station where's there a cemetery. . . . .

To-day it is all of sixty years since I began to smoke the limit. I have never bought cigars with life belts around them. I early found that those were too expensive for me. I have always bought cheap cigars—reasonably cheap, at any rate. Sixty years ago they cost me four dollars a barrel, but my taste has improved latterly, and I pay seven dollars now. Six or seven. Seven, I think. Yes; it's seven. But that in-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The SHORT MAN'S TROUBLES

"Inches are influence." Men and women below the average height cannot be satisfied with themselves from a physical standpoint. They are always placed at a disadvantage. In crowds they can't see; in society they appear insignificant; nothing fits; chairs and tables are too high; gas and electric fixtures are out of reach, and all modern conveniences appear to have been made for a larger race of people. The short man's chances certainly appear slim—but he has a chance.

Modern ingenuity has made it possible for short men and women to increase their height from two to five inches. This fact has been amply demonstrated by K. Leo Minges, of Rochester, N. Y. He has done what other inventors, scientists, and physicians have for years tried to do.

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Personally appeared before me, Gaston Neubrik, Notary Public, in and for said County and State, Lulu Jenkins, who being by me first duly sworn, deposes and says, that she has used the Cartilage System since October, 1904, and has gained four inches in height. Signed, LULU JENKINS.

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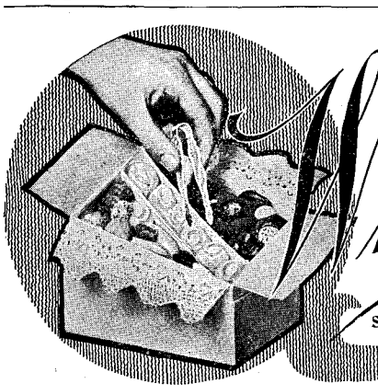

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cludes the barrel. I often have smoking parties at my house, but the people that come have always just taken the pledge, I wonder why that is.

As for drinking, I have no rule about that. When the others drink I like to help; otherwise I remain dry, by habit and preference. This dryness does not hurt me, but it could easily hurt you, because you are different. You let it alone.

Since I was seven years old I have seldom taken a dose of medicine, and have still seldomer needed one. But up to seven I lived exclusively on allopathic medicines. Not that I needed them, for I don't think I did; it was for economy. My father took a drug store for a debt, and it made cod-liver oil cheaper than the other breakfast foods. We had nine barrels of it, and it lasted me seven years. Then I was weaned. The rest of the family had to get along with rhubarb and ipecac and such things, because I was the pet. I was the first Standard Oil Trust. I had it all. By the time the drug store was exhausted my health was established, and there has never been much the matter with me since.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Foreign.

RUSSIA.

December 2.—A report from Warsaw says that a great incendiary fire is raging in Moscow. St. Petersburg is cut off from telegraphic communication by the continuance of the telegraphers' strike.

December 3.—Witte is declared to be powerless to stem the tide of anarchy in Russia. Mutinies are reported in many cities. The Jews of Odessa appeal to the civilized nations to demand at St. Petersburg that a contemplated massacre there be prevented.

December 4.—Martial law is declared at Kieff, where a great strike is on. Mutinies are reported at Kharkoff and Kishineff.

December 6.—General Sakharoff, former Russian Minister of War, is assassinated by a woman while he was quelling an agrarian disturbance in the province of Saratoff. Twenty-two mutineers are killed and forty wounded in a battle with regular troops at Kieff. The demand for the removal of Count Witte and the adoption of reactionary measures is gaining strength.

December 8.—Mutinous troops at Harbin are reported to have killed many officers. The telegraph strikers are said to have resumed work after winning concessions from the Government. Witte's position is still precarious, but rumors of his resignation are denied.

OTHER FOREIGN NEWS.

December 2.—Korean mobs attack Japanese gendarmes in Seoul. Great resentment is shown by the people against Japan's course in obtaining control of the country.

Sir Edward Dawkins, J. P. Morgan's British partner, dies in London.

December 4.—Premier Balfour and his cabinet resign.

The combined fleets of the Powers seize the Island of Lemnos as the second move in the program to enforce the demands upon the Sultan.

December 5.—Advices from Constantinople say that the Porte has decided to accept in principle the demands of the Powers for control of the finances of Macedonia.

December 6.—The French Senate, by a vote of 181 to 102, adopts the bill for the separation of Church and State.

Domestic.

CONGRESS.

December 4.—The Fifty-ninth Congress meets for its first session. *Joseph G. Cannon is reelected* Speaker of the House.

December 5.—President Roosevelt's message is read in both Houses.

House: A resolution asking the President to intercede in behalf of the Jews in Russia is introduced.

December 6.—*Senate:* A number of bills and resolutions are introduced, including a railroad rate bill by Senator Foraker and a reciprocity measure by Senator Lodge. Senator Tillman introduces a resolution to investigate whether any

Lamp Light

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national banks contributed to political campaign funds.

House: The bill to make an emergency appropriation for work on the Panama Canal is discussed.

December 7.—*Senate:* Senator Tillman's resolution calling for information as to whether national banks have contributed to political campaign funds is adopted. The treaty with Denmark is ratified in executive session.

House: The Panama Canal appropriation bill is passed after being amended so as to cut the appropriation down to $11,000,000.

OTHER DOMESTIC NEWS.

December 2. — Thirty-three indictments against former city officials of Philadelphia for alleged conspiracy to defraud the city are returned by the Grand Jury.

December 3.—The Washington *Post* states that the Roosevelt campaign fund was $1,900,000.

John Bartlett, compiler of "Familiar Quotations," dies in Cambridge, Mass.

December 4.—The Department of Agriculture estimates the cotton crop at 10,167,818 bales.

A long parade and resolutions of protest mark the day of mourning of the New York Jews for their massacred kinsmen in Russia.

Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte, in his annual report, curtails the naval program and discusses the problems of an increased navy. He recommends a program involving an outlay of $23,300,000 for new construction.

Judge Judson Harmon is appointed receiver for the Cincinnati, Hamilton & Dayton and Pere Marquette Railroads, on the application of Walter P. Horn, a creditor, said to be representing J. P. Morgan.

Col. Samuel Adams Drake, author and historian, dies at Kennebunkport, Me.

December 5.—Governor La Follette of Wisconsin announces that he will resign and become United States Senator.

The American National Red Cross holds its first meeting in Washington.

December 6.—A mass meeting is called by Boston's mayor to save "Old Ironsides."

Secretary Shaw in his annual report estimates the Treasury deficit at $8,000,000.

Senator Chauncey M. Depew resigns from the directorate of the Equitable Life Assurance Society.

Five hundred delegates, representing forty-one States, attend the opening session in New York of a conference on immigration.

December 8.—Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, dies from complications following the extraction of four teeth.

Thomas F. Ryan, before the insurance investigating committee, refuses to answer certain questions, and the committee asks District Attorney Jerome to prosecute him.

Mrs. Mary M. Rogers is hanged at Windsor for the murder of her husband.

Joseph W. Fairbanks, one of the founders of the Republican party, dies at Farmington, Me.

About 300 negro students of Howard University in Washington go on strike because of the alleged prejudicial attitude of President Gordon toward the race.

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THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

☞ *The Lexicographer does not answer any questions sent anonymously.*

"D. G. M.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—"Why is the word 'studio' often spelled with a 'y'?"

The characters "y" and "u" had the same sound in Latin, Norman-French, and English as late as the sixteenth century. They were counted as one in alphabetical arrangement. In the Latin "y" and "u" were graphic variations; the "y" form, being better suited for the chisel, was the one preferred. In the English language, after the Elizabethan period, the "y" became distinctly consonantal, while the "u" form was employed more as a vowel.

"H. A. S.," Brainerd, Minn.—"Tennyson in his 'Dream of Fair Women' calls Geoffrey Chaucer '*Dan* Chaucer.' Please tell me why he calls him 'Dan' and also why one sometimes speaks of Cupid as '*Dan* Cupid.'"

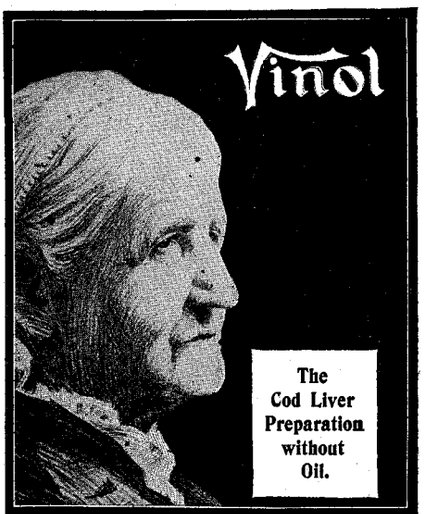
"Dan" is the obsolete form for "Don," the former being adopted from the Old French "Dan," the latter from the Spanish "Don," and both forms were probably shortened from the Latin "Dominus," prefixed to names of ecclesiastical and monastic dignitaries. In general, it is an honorable title meaning "master," or "sir." Its modern affected application to poets appears to be after Spenser's "Dan Chaucer," and Tennyson doubtless copied it from either Spenser or from Pope, who also speaks of "Dan Chaucer." "Dan" or "Don" is sometimes playfully prefixed to "Cupid." Shakespeare in "Love's Labour's Lost," iii., 1, says, "This senior-junior, giant dwarf Don [quarto edition, "Dan"] Cupid."

"A. B.," Dallas, Tex.—"Kindly explain the words 'ebriety' and 'inebriety,' and 'bend' and 'unbend.'"

"Ebriety" is an archaic word derived from the Latin *ebrius*, meaning "a state of intoxication produced by liquor." "Inebriety" is composed of "ebriety" and the Latin prefix *in-*, meaning "in" (not "without" or "un-"), and therefore the word means "in a state of *ebriety* or drunkenness; especially, habitual intoxication." To "bend" is "to bring into a curve, or out of or aside from a straight line"; to "unbend" is "to straighten, as that which has been bent or curved." The prefix "un-" in "unbend" means "back," and is used to express the reversal of the action of the verb.

"H. E. K.," Holdrege, Nebr.—"What is the meaning of the words (1) 'chauvinistic,' (2) 'orientation'?"

(1) "Chauvinistic" (pronounced show"vin-is'tic) is the adjective form of the noun "chauvin" or "chauvinist," and means "to be absurdly jealous of one's country's honor or puffed up with an exaggerated sense of national glory." The term is derived from the name of one of Napoleon's soldiers, Nicolas Chauvin, who acquired notoriety through exaggerated devotion to the emperor. He was caricatured on the stage by Cogniard, and thus his name came to characterize the type of people who work mischief by their unreasoning and vainglorious patriotism. (2) "Orientation" means (*a*) the construction of a church upon an east-and-west line, so as to have the high altar in the eastern end; (*b*) the situation of a building, or any object, as related to the points of the compass; (*c*) in surveying, the finding of the east point or direction, so as to determine a bearing; (*d*) the act of correcting and making exact one's conception of an object; (*e*) the homing instinct, as in pigeons.



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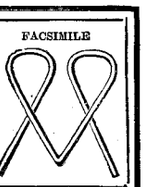

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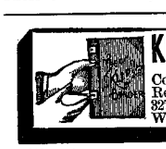

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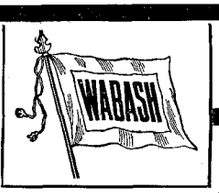

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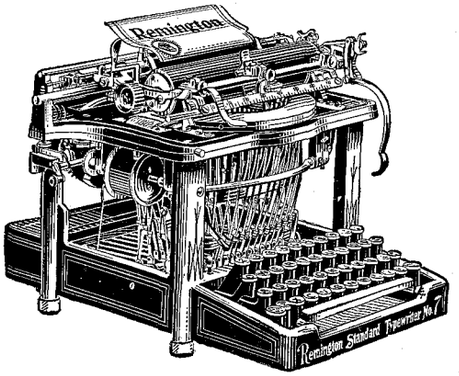

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